Chronicles

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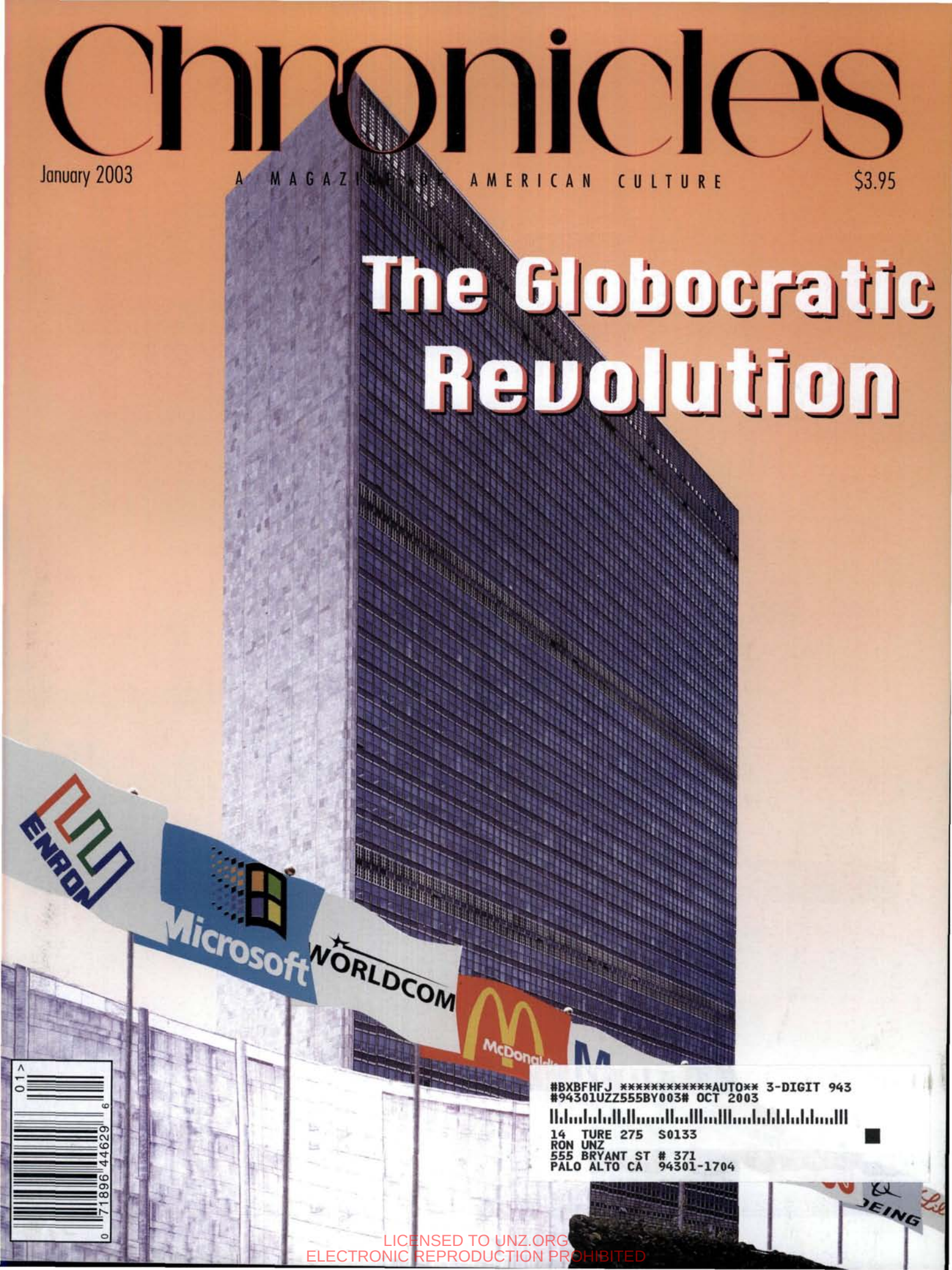

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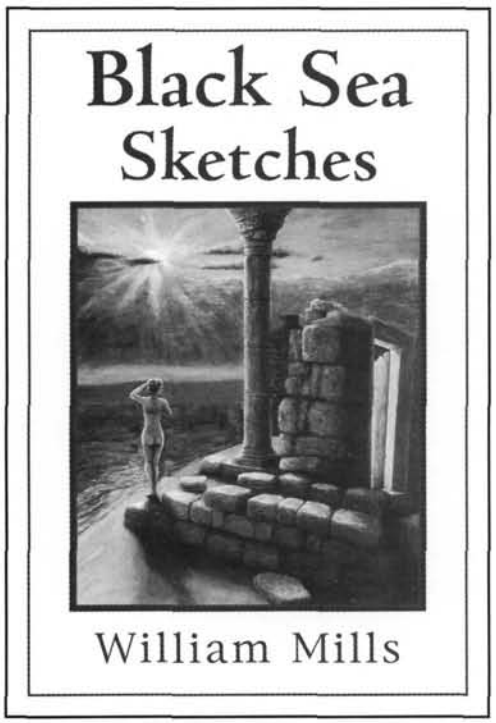

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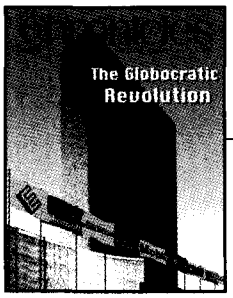

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POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On Internment

Roger McGrath's article "American MAGIC and Japanese-American Spies" (*Sins of Omission*, October 2002) deserves a reply.

I am not ignorant of the MAGIC intercepts, but I insist that the United States was wrong to put the Nisei into concentration camps. California Japanese born in Japan did become enemy aliens on December 7, 1941, subject to internment. But their children, born in the United States, were U.S. citizens. Placing them in concentration camps was a terrible violation of the Constitution.

Although a few Nisei were traitors, most were utterly loyal to the country their parents had adopted, as demonstrated by their performance in the U.S. Army in Italy during World War II.

Why weren't Nisei in Hawaii jailed? Was the danger of attack greater in California or in Hawaii? Did Hawaii law forbid Orientals to own property? No. But California law did. Franklin D. Roosevelt was a politician who did whatever it took to get votes, pandering to the racism of Californians at the time.

As terrible as Roosevelt's interning of thousands of U.S. citizens was, that crime pales in comparison to what he did to the American spirit. FDR taught Americans to look to the federal government to solve their problems. The reparations program is only a small part of his legacy.

—Jim Ware
Baton Rouge, LA

Before December 7, 1941, the United States was not at war with Japan, so sending any information back to Japan was neither a crime nor evidence of disloyalty. Nor, by the way, were Saturday Japanese schools or Shinto priests. My immigrant ancestors always talked fondly of their German heritage, read German-language newspapers, and ate German food. If that was all the excuse the government needed, they could have locked up my whole family, because we continued to behave that way through the war and into the 1950's.

Dr. McGrath makes it clear that the number of Japanese informants was relatively small compared to the much larger number of Japanese-Americans interned. Even the U.S. government would concede that most of the people interned were innocent.

Even if there was some justification for interning all of these Japanese-Americans, what was the justification for stealing their property—which amounted to much more than $20,000 per person 40-some years later?

How did anyone know then, and how do we know now, that the MAGIC intercepts were true and that this reported information was of the slightest value to anyone in Japan? If Japanese intelligence had been all that effective, Hirohito would have waited a week and nailed the aircraft carriers that arrived right after the attack on Pearl Harbor. But, then, if our code-breaking intelligence was that good, how come we didn't have a clue that this huge Japanese fleet was sailing across the Pacific and parking 200 miles from Honolulu?

Even if the government was worried about a Japanese attack on the West Coast, the Battle of Midway (May 1942) ended that threat. Midway, by the way, is about 1,300 miles west-northwest of Hawaii—not exactly on San Francisco's doorstep. And that battle was also not a very good example of anyone's intelligence-gathering abilities. Neither commander seemed to know the whereabouts of the other guy's fleet. We got lucky. They didn't. Has anyone claimed that the reason we won was because we locked up 100,000 Japanese-American civilians?

Anyone who reads history is familiar with the government excuse that "We're taking this illegal and unpleasant action because we have information and knowledge that you don't, and we aren't sharing it. Trust us." Why should I? It is not as if the government has had a great track record in that regard.

—David R. Kluge
Sheridan, OR

Dr. McGrath Replies:

It is a great irony that I find myself defending President Franklin D. Roosevelt. My instincts are with Jim Ware and David R. Kluge. I fear the power of big government, which tends to become oppressive, even tyrannical. No president since Lin-

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coln set us more on that path than FDR. Both excused their actions by citing national security and the exigencies of war. However, with respect to the resident Japanese, I don't know what other course FDR could have taken. The MAGIC decryptions revealed that hundreds of Japanese, both citizens and resident aliens, in California, Oregon, and Washington were acting as spies for the emperor. If Roosevelt had directed the FBI to target the individual spies, the Japanese would have known that we had broken their code. Faced with a similar decision, Churchill allowed the people of Coventry to suffer a Luftwaffe attack without warning.

The only Japanese who were "interned" were those who declared their loyalty to the emperor. They numbered nearly 17,000. A stunning one third of them were American citizens who had formally renounced their U.S. citizenship. At one point, it was thought that the internees might be exchanged for American prisoners held by the Japanese. The other resident Japanese were subject to an evacuation order that required them to relocate outside of the Western Defense Zone, an area that included California, the western halves of Oregon and Washington, and a small portion of Arizona. Those who were not able to move to another part of the United States were ordered to assembly centers, from which they were eventually taken to "relocation" camps. German and Italian aliens on the Pacific Coast were also subject to the evacuation order but, because of their small numbers, were simply told to relocate outside the Defense Zone within six weeks or face internment. Those suspected of enemy activities were interned. This included their minor children who were American citizens.

Most Americans today do not seem to understand that any Japanese, including aliens, could leave a relocation camp if they could reestablish themselves outside of the Defense Zone. Some 35,000 Japanese did so during the war. Those who relocated on their own by the end of March 1942 were not required to spend any time in the camps. The parents of Tokyo Rose, both Japanese aliens, were living in Los Angeles at the time of Pearl Harbor. They moved to Chicago and opened the Toguri market, which they operated throughout the war. More than 4,300 Japanese left the relocation camps to go to college at government expense, and thousands of others left the camps to work on farms. Meanwhile, in the relocation camps, the death rate was lower and the birth rate higher than those for the American population as a whole. So was the graduation rate from high school. To use "concentration camps" to describe such places makes a mockery of Auschwitz and Treblinka. At the time, the Japanese-American Citizens' League praised the government for providing the relocation camps. Moreover, to call the evacuation and relocation "unconstitutional" is contrary to several Supreme Court decisions, which have never been reversed.

It is also popular to point out that the Japanese in Hawaii were not evacuated or relocated. Such a course of action was unnecessary because martial law was declared in Hawaii, and the Army ruled the territory with a military fist, something that is always left unmentioned.

The 1988 Civil Liberties Act that granted each Japanese relocated or interned $20,000 was not compensation for "stealing their property" but a product of political grandstanding and pandering. It had nothing to do with property losses, which were settled long before, under the American-Japanese Claims Act of 1948. The U.S. government confiscated no property. Japanese claims were the result of being forced to move before they could harvest their crops, or before they were able to liquidate merchandise in their markets, or other such losses.

Contra Mr. Kluge, Midway was a brilliant example of intelligence gathering. Cmdr. Joseph J. Rochefort of the Navy's Combat Intelligence Unit at Pearl Harbor partially decrypted JN-25 and discovered that the Imperial Combined Fleet was preparing for a massive attack on "AF." The meaning of AF was a mystery: the Aleutians? Hawaii? the West Coast? In a clever ploy, he had false messages transmitted that the Japanese intercepted and repeated in code, which, in turn, revealed that AF was Midway.

The question of resident Japanese loyalty is difficult to assess. Those Japanese-Americans who served in the 100th Battalion and later in the 442nd Regimental Combat Team fought with distinction, and often with heroism, although their exploits have been embellished and exaggerated. However, the real question is not what an elite volunteer unit did in Italy but what the great bulk of the resident Japanese would have done had the Japanese waded ashore at Santa Monica and occupied California. In Korea, China, Manchuria, the Malay Archipelago, and the Philippines, the resident Japanese aided and abetted the Japanese invaders.

If I were a loyal American of Japanese descent, I certainly would not have been happy with the evacuation order. However, as a wartime sacrifice, it does not seem to have been the greatest suffered. Just ask those Marines who clawed their way through the Pacific, beginning with the muck, stench, death, and horror that was Guadalcanal, "not a name but an emotion."

On the Lusitania

In "George W. Bush: Wilsonian Liberal" (*Views*, October 2002), Mark Royden Winchell writes: "As despicable as the attack [on the *Lusitania*] may have been, [she] was carrying British munitions."

Robert Ballard, the undersea explorer who explored the *Titanic* and the *Bismark*, also extensively explored the *Lusitania* in August 1993 and wrote of his findings in his book, *Exploring the Lusitania*. Ballard says that, if any contraband had been stowed onboard, it did not explode. And if contraband had been onboard but didn't explode, he would surely have found some trace of it—and he does not mention finding any.

—*Harvey Miller*
Springlake, TX

Dr. Winchell Replies:

I was not aware of Ballard's discoveries, and neither were my sources, which were published before Ballard's explorations. Perhaps more to the point, however, is that the polemicists who waved the bloody shirt after the sinking of the *Lusitania* were unaware that the ship had no munitions aboard. The British liner made itself a provocative target in time of war and sought to use civilians as a shield from German attack. In my mind, there is no question that the sinking of the *Lusitania* was a despicable overeaction on the part of a trigger-happy submarine commander. My larger point, however, remains intact: The saber-rattlers in America got far more mileage out of this deplorable situation than the facts would warrant.

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Little White Lies

"From the mountains of Afghanistan to the valleys of Bosnia to the plains of Africa to the forests of Asia and around the world we are on the ground working with our Muslim partners to expand the circle of peace, the circle of prosperity, the circle of freedom."

In delivering these ringing phrases, Secretary of State Colin Powell was not, apparently, alluding to the fact that, in both Africa and Asia, Muslims, many of them funded by "pro-Western" governments and oil sheiks, are engaged in a campaign to exterminate Christians. He failed to mention the continuing genocide in the Sudan and Nigeria, where young Muslim men shouting "*Allahu Akbar*" and "Down with beauty!" slaughtered a thousand Christians when a newspaper suggested (quite correctly) that Muhammad might have enjoyed the Miss World contest.

The partnership Secretary Powell envisions presumably does not include the Islamic terrorists of Indonesia, but he does have the poor taste to bring up Bosnia, where the United States supported an Islamic militant who wanted to impose *sharia* on a Christian majority. One of our Muslim partners in Bosnia and Kosovo was none other than Osama bin Laden.

Not content with repeating the palpable absurdities that are the staple of the multiculturalist left, Secretary Powell went on to describe plans to bring more Muslims into the United States and to excoriate those who sing "the siren song of the bigots, extremists who cloak themselves in false spirituality in an attempt to divide and to weaken us." Here's a howdy-do: A senior American statesman, in addressing Muslims, presumes to lay down the spiritual law to a prominent American religious and political figure. Of course, if Powell wants to talk about "bigots and extremists," he might have said something about Muslims who claim religious support for their terrorism against Christians, and he might have begun by naming the man who introduced this belief into Islamic thought: Muhammad himself.

Pat Robertson, on this issue at least, is completely correct. He knows that Islam (despite the existence of millions of "bad" Muslims who, in order to live in peace with their non-Muslim neighbors, have rejected some of the fundamental tenets of their faith) is a religion of war, not peace, and that any country with a sizable population of even bad Muslims contains a ticking time bomb, ready to go off in hard times when confused people begin searching for their spiritual roots. When Christians return to their roots, they find the Prince of Peace. When Muslims rediscover theirs, they find Muhammad the terrorist.

We all know that the Bush administration is caught between a rock and a hard place. The United States may soon be going to war against a country full of Muslims (Iraq), and the administration has to balance our government's unwavering support for Israel with a desire to placate the oil-rich sheikdoms we pretend to believe are "moderate." But there is nothing moderate, from the Christian point of view, about Saudi Arabia, which forbids Christian symbols and preaching the Gospel and funds anti-Christian Islamic movements around the globe. Saudi Arabia spawned Osama bin Laden—and the Saudi millionaires who continue, according to reports, to support him.

Since September 11, 2001, Americans have been lying in their beds with the covers pulled over their heads. They have allowed themselves to be persuaded that peace and order have been restored to Afghanistan; they have accepted the Bush administration's argument that we can attack Iraq without provoking more acts of terrorism against the United States; they have tried their hardest to believe the President's characterization of Islam as a "religion of peace" and have sat stolidly through news reports without ever suspecting that there was some connection between the Chechen hostage crisis in Moscow, the terrorist attack in Bali, and the terror spree of John Allen Muhammad in the Washington, D.C., area; and they have even thought Osama bin Laden was dead, though there was no evidence for his death except for Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld's wishful thinking that the invasion of Afghanistan had accomplished something.

Well, Osama is back, tearing off the covers and forcing us to stare the bogeyman in the face. Gangsters, terrorists, and warlords (many of them former Taliban leaders) are tearing Afghanistan apart and making people sigh for the good old days when the Taliban kept some semblance of order. "As you kill," the prince of terrorists declared, "you will be killed." The Bush administration, in focusing on the threat posed by Iraq, has forgotten that the original target in the "War on Terrorism" was the worldwide network of terrorists.

If the administration someday backs up its claims against Saddam Hussein, then limited strikes against Iraqi weapons factories and military installations may well be justifiable—though not necessarily a full-scale war that will cause the deaths of hundreds of thousand of civilians and destroy what little remains of the fragile Iraqi infrastructure. But no reasonable solution can be discussed, much less implemented, so long as the political classes continue to pretend that Muhammad did not found a religion of war, while incessantly repeating the mantra "Saddam's weapons of mass destruction," as if the United States were not the world's greatest producer and supplier of such weapons, as if our government had not armed not only Iraq and Iran and Saudi Arabia but the Taliban and Al Qaeda.

So long as our political leaders continue to treat the American people as children, so long as they continue to misrepresent the most basic facts of the life-and-death struggle confronting America and the West, our foreign policy will be confused and dangerous, and our control of our own borders and destiny will become more tenuous with every passing day.

Telling fairy tales about our partnership with Muslims may seem, to State Department staffers and gofers, like a brilliant move. When the time comes to ask the American people to defend their borders and their interests from the global *jihad* that may be unleashed by an invasion of Iraq, however, these lies will inevitably come back to haunt them. ◁

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REPUBLICANS are taking the reins of the 108th Congress this month, thanks, in part, to their tough talk about "homeland security" in the weeks leading up to last November's elections. What can Americans expect now that the GOP enjoys majorities in both the House and the Senate and has their man in the White House to sign whatever they send him? An end to abortion—even "partial-birth" abortion? Tax cuts across the board? A balanced budget?

If Republican actions during the month of November are any indication, the answer, lamentably, may be obfuscatory rhetoric and a bigger federal bureaucracy.

The hefty, 435-page H.R. 5005, better known as the Homeland Security Act, chugged through the House of Representatives on November 13, the Senate on the 19th, and was signed by the President on the 25th. Around 5:17 A.M. on the morning of the 13th, just hours before the scheduled vote in the House, new provisions appeared in the bill's official record, immunizing some of the Republicans' biggest contributors—prescription-drug manufacturers—against over 1,000 lawsuits they face for including thimerosal in vaccines. Thimerosal is alleged to be one of the chief causes of the autism epidemic now plaguing America.

Eli Lilly Corp., a leading pharmaceutical researcher and manufacturer, first developed thimerosal, a mercury-based compound that acts as a preservative, in 1920; up through the 1990's, it was included in several vaccines. In 1997, the FDA began to study the effects of thimerosal and, in 1999, concluded that it hindered neurological development, particularly in infants. Both the American Pediatrics Association and the FDA encouraged the drug industry to begin producing "thimerosal-free" vaccines as soon as possible. They have complied, though there are still reports of trace amounts of thimerosal in a few vaccines still in use.

Autism, a neurological disorder once considered rare, has gone from an estimated diagnosis of one in 10,000 to one in 500 in the United States overall, and as high as one in 318 in California (reported in 1998) and one in 157 in Britain (according to a recent *Sunday Times* article by Rosie Waterhouse). Arthur Allen's article in the *New York Times*, "The Not-So-Crackpot Autism Theory" (November 10, 2002), offered the testimony of several leading researchers in support of the theory that autism may be caused or accelerated by mercury poisoning in infants and small children, whose fragile immune systems are subjected to as many as 22 vaccinations (up from eight in 1980) by age two. The parents of many children suffering from impaired motor skills, speech, and social development have sued Eli Lilly and other drug companies for helping to give their children what, in some cases, amounts to over 60 times the mercury deemed safe for small children, by including thimerosal in their vaccines.

One major section of the Homeland Security Act is entitled "Chemical, Biological, Radiological, and Nuclear Countermeasures." In the event of the threat of, say, a smallpox attack, the secretary of homeland security is granted the power to streamline the delivery of vaccinations to whole sections of the country, and, thus far, no exceptions have been granted. But the 11th-hour rider (Section 304 of Title III of H.R. 5005) adds to this a *de facto* grant of immunity to Eli Lilly and others for any side effects that their vaccines might produce—or have already produced—by referring all such claims to an investigative board within the homeland-security bureaucracy, bypassing the courts. The reasoning for giving such a pass to drug manufacturers, according to Sen. (Dr.) Bill Frist (R-TN), is to ensure a "stable manufacturing base for vaccines." He dismissed the concerns of parents of autistic children as "not supported by clinical or experimental evidence."

Curiously, just one day after President Bush signed the Homeland Security Act, Secretary of Health and Human Services Tommy Thompson asked a federal court to seal documents relating to claims filed by parents of autistic children who are the alleged victims of thimerosal poisoning. He claimed that the 1986 bill establishing the National Vaccine Injury Compensation Program gives him authority over all information pertaining to victims who have been awarded settlements.

Democratic Senators Tom Daschle and Joseph Lieberman sponsored an amendment to H.R. 5005 that would have stricken the language exempting Eli Lilly and other drug manufacturers from responsibility for poisoning children. The amendment was defeated 52-47, mostly along party lines, though Sen. John McCain (R-AZ) supported it on the grounds that the 11th-hour rider "would leave families of some injured children with no available recourse." Republican Senators Susan Collins and Olympia Stowe (both of Maine) backed off from their criticisms of the homeland-security bill when soon-to-be-majority leader Trent Lott (R-MS) assured them that Congress would revisit these provisions in 2003: "You have my commitment."

Eli Lilly bet $1.6 million during the 2002 congressional campaigns that the Republicans would help them to keep cranking out drugs from "a stable base." In fact, donations from the pharmaceutical industry totaled $14 million overall in the months leading up to the mid-term elections. When the time comes for Senator Lott to honor his "commitment," Republicans can count on advice from Office of Management and Budget Director Mitch Daniels, who was one of the drafters of the Homeland Security proposal. Daniels will be able to draw on his years of experience as an executive at Eli Lilly Corp. Republicans can also consult with Sidney Taurel, a member of the President's Homeland Security Advisory Council and the current CEO and president of Eli Lilly.

Republicans in Congress will enjoy the fruits of their victory for a season. Their triumph, however, may not survive the next election if they continue to package their pork in the red, white, and blue of homeland security.

—*Aaron D. Wolf*

JACQUES CHIRAC, in the last week of October, called off the Anglo-French summit scheduled for December after angrily accusing British Prime Minister Tony Blair of speaking to him with extraordinary insolence over the future of the European Union's Common Agricultural Policy (CAP) and Africa. The French president told Mr. Blair, "You have been very rude, and I have never been spoken to like this before!" on October 25 at the E.U. enlargement summit in Brussels.

Indignant at a complicated $30-billion E.U. farm-subsidy deal made behind his back by France and Germany, Mr. Blair had bluntly told M. Chirac that he want-

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ed to keep E.U. markets closed to developing countries and to block a new round of World Trade Organization talks. He argued that the West should open the developed markets of Europe, which would require an end to production subsidies.

Mr. Blair's dabbling in such francophile pursuits as frequenting bistros, drinking wine, and eating brie notwithstanding, it seems that he wants to follow in the footsteps of his more illustrious predecessors by subscribing to the Churchillian-Thatcherite dictum "Love America, bash France." He often goes overboard—so much so that, as Simon Jenkins put it in the *Times* of London, "If Genghis Khan were in the White House Mr. Blair would be praising his leadership qualities."

Why did he do it? First, because he enjoys playing the agonized moralist; that is why he urged Bill Clinton to bomb the Serbs even more zealously than Madeleine Albright did. Britain would not have been much affected by Chirac's attempt to shelter French farmers from the pending reform of the Common Agricultural Policy, but Blair's beloved Third World commodity producers would have been. The "disinterested" nature of the issue was enough to make Blair sanctimonious and indignant.

The French may have expected London to be apologetic, but 10 Downing Street gleefully confirmed the facts of the incident. It even leaked the details of Mr. Blair pedantically reading the relevant paragraphs from the 1999 Berlin Summit minutes to prove the Frenchman "plain wrong" and to embarrass him in front of other leaders. Since Britain has the most focus-group-driven leader outside Washington, D.C., this nonchalance means that Mr. Blair was counting on his people's latent phobias, rooted in history ("Wogs start at Calais"), to prop up his ratings in the run-up to the Iraqi escapade.

In view of France's partial reluctance to join the war against Iraq with no questions asked, it is also possible that Mr. Blair was performing an unasked-for but nevertheless welcome service to his seniors in Washington—a bit like Bulgaria's Todor Zhivkov attacking Chairman Mao even when Leonid Brezhnev did not specifically ask him to.

The tiff has brought relations between Britain and France to an unexpected low, with the cancellation of the summit at Le Touquet: "We need some time on both sides in order to ensure the good preparation for this important meeting," the French statement said acidly. But for M. Chirac, of all people, to feign injured innocence is hilarious: His ploy with Gerhard Schröder essentially sought to keep a third of the CAP subsidy in French coffers, enabling *les paysants* to keep adding to the mountains of unwanted beef and butter and to the lakes of unsold wine at European taxpayers' expense. In view of his own problems with Washington, following an election campaign critically dependent on anti-American rhetoric, the German chancellor was in no position to resist French mischief.

Decent people have no dog in this fight. Mr. Blair may be irritating and often ridiculous, but M. Chirac is an unattractive man accurately described as "a liar and a thief" by Jean-Marie Le Pen. The late president François Mitterand once said of Chirac that "This man is mad"; there is method, however, to his madness: power. Alain Madelin, ex-finance minister, declared that Chirac was "so keen to respect his promises that he makes the same ones at every election." (The famous "pocket-sized Napoleon" quip by Jörg Haider was unfair: Chirac is considerably taller than the famed Corsican.)

M. Chirac is too thick-skinned to mind all that, but he is seriously upset that, in the aftermath of Mr. Blair's outburst, Schröder has decided to run for cover. Chirac may have been irritated that Blair was rude, but he finds it intolerable that Blair was apparently successful in torpedoing the farm-subsidy ploy. Thirty billion dollars is a lot of money, and that explains the scene worthy of the great days of the Paris-Berlin Axis under de Gaulle or Giscard d'Estaing.

Perhaps the most endearing fallout from this whole episode is a barrage of francophobia from Britain's gutter press. Every cliché has been deployed, including cartoon characters with dirty berets, striped vests, and dangling cigarettes. Some atavisms die hard, and we have not had a good Anglo-French fight in almost two centuries.

—*Srdja Trifkovic*

DFL, R.I.P. Tuesday, November 5, 2002, will be remembered as the day that the Minnesota Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party died. On Election Day, the Republicans swept most of the state's constitutional offices and elected Norm Coleman to the U.S. Senate, Tim Pawlenty to the governorship, and John Klein to the U.S. Congress. The GOP also gained seats in the state legislature.

The Democratic Party will survive this loss, but the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party will not. The election was a watershed not just because the DFL old guard and such prominent names as Walter Mondale (standing in for the late Paul Wellstone), Roger Moe (state senate majority leader and 30-year veteran of the legislature), and Hubert H. Humphrey (his grandson ran for secretary of state) all lost, but because the kind of populism that Wellstone and the DFL once represented and the base upon which it was built are all but gone.

Yes, the DFL practiced state socialism, but Humphrey purged the party of communists during the vicious battles of the 1940's. The DFL was culturally conservative up until the 70's, and it always stood for the working class, which once was the bulk of Minnesota's population. It was a model for the Democratic Party nationwide, and its leaders served in the top ranks of the national government. The DFL was the dominant party in Minnesota from 1954 to 1990.

Unfortunately, suburbanization, globalization, the decline of family farms and manufacturing jobs, and the left's lurch toward cultural Marxism affected Minnesota just as they did the rest of the country. The election results declare that Minnesota has officially become suburbia just like everywhere else—and the Democrats will adjust accordingly. There are far more soccer moms and office-park dads in the Land of 10,000 Lakes than there are farmers, factory workers, and the Scandinavian socialists who once formed the DFL's backbone.

The populism of the old DFL will soon become a memory, and its base of small farmers and union laborers of the Iron Range and the Twin Cities will continue to shrivel. Republicans and Democrats will fight for the "arc"—a line drawn from Duluth, through St. Cloud, to Rochester, east of which lives three quarters of the state's population. Those who live outside the arc will be ignored by the politicians and bureaucrats in St. Paul, regardless of who is in charge.

Paul Wellstone's death did not just deprive the DFL of a Senate seat; it robbed the party of the last shreds of its old identity. As a political-science professor at Carleton College in Northfield, Wellstone did not spend his time drinking chablis with colleagues or writing checks to the United Farm Workers while driving around town in a BMW. He organized farmers protesting foreclosures dur-

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ing the 1980's farm crisis, and he stood on the picket line with meat packers in Austin during the bitter Hormel strike of the mid-80's, when the food giant was slashing wages, busting the union, and bringing in cheap Third World labor to work the plants. His activism got him arrested several times, horrifying the parlor liberals at Carleton who wanted to boot him out. Only a local outcry in favor of the popular professor kept him at his post, the base from which he launched his political career.

Wellstone was running a close race the day he died while flying over the Iron Range to attend the funeral of a friend's father; most polls showed him to be ahead, even pulling away from Coleman. His vote against the resolution to authorize war against Iraq had worked in his favor, as Minnesotans of all persuasions appreciated his independence and honesty, even if they disagreed with him. That the DFL chieftains picked the 74-year-old Mondale to take his place on the ballot—instead of someone younger or more dynamic, such as state Supreme Court Justice Alan Page or State Auditor (and former Republican) Judy Dutcher—showed again how out-of-touch and clueless the DFL had become and reinforced its image as "Grandma and Grandpa's party" to voters who barely remembered Mondale's career. The choice allowed Trotskyite-turned-neoconservative Norm Coleman to proclaim himself the candidate of the future. It is no wonder that the demoralized Wellstone field army of 15,000 volunteers—larger than that of any other candidate in the country—could not muster any enthusiasm for a ticket of old names and establishment figures.

With Gov. Jesse Ventura's departure to fill the remainder of his days with celebrity schlock, the Independence Party (formerly the Reform Party) will also die a slow and painful death. It carried just one election throughout the state and has no identifiable cultural or economic base. Its members are mostly "new" Democrats (like its failed gubernatorial candidate, Tim Penny) and moderate Republicans. With the death of the old DFL, these voters will quietly return to the Democratic fold to complete the party's transformation.

—*Sean Scallon*

THE SMITHSONIAN has had on display, for the past decade and a half, an exhibit entitled *A More Perfect Union*. The many millions who have viewed it have been erroneously taught that, during World War II, America grossly mistreated her Japanese minorities, in spite of the "fact" that the all-Nisei 442nd Regimental Combat Team racked up an unbelievable 18,143 medals (not counting an additional 20 Medals of Honor recently granted because of alleged "racism and biasness" during the war), while suffering 9,486 casualties. Many World War II veterans (including this writer) objected to the Smithsonian many times, all to no avail: The Smithsonian would not budge.

Lee Allen, president of Athena Press, and Sam Allen, investigative reporter, both of Provo, Utah, have now assembled an awesome array of facts demonstrating the falsities of the exhibit. At their request, Rep. Chris Cannon of Utah forced a hearing, which resulted in the Smithsonian agreeing to revise the exhibit. First presented in June 2001, the Allens' critique challenged the use of the Smithsonian to propagate a particular interpretation of an important historical event using contrived and exaggerated facts and figures. (Incidentally, the Smithsonian accepted a very generous grant from the Japan Shipbuilders Foundation, chaired by Ryoichi Sasakawa, a convicted war criminal, to help fund the exhibit.)

The National Museum of American History, under the directorship of Marc Pachter, has agreed to change the number of Purple Hearts awarded to the Nisei 442nd from 9,486 to "between 3,600 and 4,500." In addition, the total number of medals supposedly awarded will be lowered significantly. The Smithsonian has admitted that, contrary to the exhibit's "lost battalion" episode, the 442nd did not suffer 814 casualties on that rescue mission. The Smithsonian also admitted that posters claiming that the Nisei "Military Intelligence Service" (a title they somehow acquired *after* the war) shortened the war by two years and saved thousands of American lives are "indeed misleading" and agreed to modify them.

Lee Allen cites my article in *Chronicles* ("The Eternal Regiment," *Views*, February 1995) as key to getting out the truth. He provides more information on the Smithsonian's agreement to modify the exhibit on the Athena Press website (*athenapressinc.com/smithsonian*).

—*Ralph Walker-Willis*

OBITER DICTA: We are pleased to add two new names to our masthead. Readers are already familiar with our new corresponding editor, **Wayne Allensworth**, an expert on Russian affairs. Mr. Allensworth writes from his ancestral home of Texas. And we have promoted our intern, the recently wed **Sarah J. Weber**, to editorial assistant. Mrs. Weber is a graduate student in English literature at Northern Illinois University.

We are also adding several new columns over the next few months. Contributing editor **Paul Gottfried** will pen a quarterly column, ***The Western Front***, focusing on the European right. In addition, three new columns will rotate in the back of the magazine, starting this month with the return of Humpty Dumpty's column on language, ***Dictations***. Sharing this space will be a column on the best research materials available on a given topic and one on living well, detailing our best attempts to seek revenge on modern-day puritans by enjoying good food, good drink, and good company. Finally, we have added a one-page lead editorial, ***American Proscenium***, to clarify our position on the most important issues we face.

Mark your calendar now for our **Sixth Annual Summer School**, "Shakespeare and the Tudor Revolution," July 8-13, 2003, in Rockford, Illinois. The week will take up the greatest body of work in English literature and expose the Tudors as the pioneers of the modern police and welfare states. For more information, call **Christopher Check** at (815) 964-5811.

Our first poet this month is **Catharine Savage Brosman** of New Orleans, Louisiana. Her poetry and prose have appeared in the *New England Review*, the *American Scholar*, the *Southwest Review*, the *Southern Review*, and the *Sewanee Review*, among others. Two collections of her verse, *The Swimmer and Other Poems* (R.L. Barth) and *Places in Mind* (LSU Press), were published in 2001.

Our second poet is **Ruth Moose**, whose work has appeared in the *Atlantic*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, *Yankee*, and *Southern Poetry Review*. She is a member of the creative faculty at the University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill and has published two collections of short stories.

This month's art is provided by our art director, **H. Ward Sterett** of Roscoe, Illinois. Mr. Sterett received his B.F.A. from the University of Colorado and his M.F.A. from Northern Illinois University, and he attended the L'Abri Fellowship, where he studied the effect of Christianity on art. He currently works as a sculptor, painter, and printmaker in Roscoe.

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by Thomas Fleming

Singing the *Internationale*

As the U.S. government prepared to go to war with Iraq, the Bush administration worked simultaneously on two strategies to justify its position. Making its case to the U.N. Security Council, American representatives stressed the need for a multinational front against terrorism and called for a new, more vigorous resolution against Iraq's "weapons of mass destruction." In addressing the American people, however, administration spokesmen denied that any approval—whether from the United Nations, or from our allies in the European Union, or even from U.S.-controlled NATO—was necessary.

Americans would like to believe that their government is free to decide questions of war and peace, but our membership in the United Nations by itself constitutes a limitation on national sovereignty, and the dozens of treaties, conventions, and agreements signed by our government over the past 50 years represent a *de facto* world government that sets up environmental standards, imposes moral, social, and educational standards, regulates trade, and punishes U.S. companies and the government itself for noncompliance. The New World Order so feared by Middle American conservatives is not a bogeyman waiting for us around the next bend in the road; it is a current reality.

A world state was the great dream of the 20th century, and since the end of World War I, humanitarian leftists have pursued the soft-and-fuzzy version of global philanthropy, while free-trade capitalists have, in their own minds at least, dissolved national borders and all ethnic and religious distinctions, leaving the sucked-dry husks of nation-states blowing in the trade winds that sweep, unimpeded, across the unfettered earth.

The idea of an international order, which became popular during the Enlightenment and took on a sense of urgency in the 20th century, is usually attributed to a longing for a respite from the destruction and havoc wrought by European wars. Certainly, in the period between the two world wars, a longing for peace made many reasonable men hope for a more potent successor to the futile League of Nations. As World War II was breaking out in Europe, H.G. Wells concluded that the world could be saved only if a "new world order" were established on the basis of "the three ideas of socialism, law, and knowledge," and Wells' formula is a reasonably accurate summation of the movement toward an international order: socialist economics; international law enforced by U.N. troops; and a transnational technocratic class that treats the members of all other classes, religions, and ways of life as so many unpleasant bugs.

The cosmopolitan ideal is not new, but until the modern era, it was an aberration embraced only by eccentric intellectuals and their followers. While most ancient philosophers were as provincial as the city-states that produced them, universalism was introduced by Zeno, the Phoenician merchant who preached a doctrine that "men should not live divided into different states and peoples, each under its own law, but in a world state, of which all men are to be citizens . . . "

The Stoics developed such novel doctrines as the brotherhood of men, the equality of free men and slaves, and cosmopolitanism—that is, world citizenship. "Never say," says the ex-slave Epictetus, "when you answer the question what country do you belong to, that you are an Athenian or a Corinthian, but that you are a citizen of the world."

While globalism is frequently lumped with the Christian notion of human brotherhood, there is little in Christian teaching and less in Christian history to justify such an equation. Christians have always been influenced by the Hebrew Scriptures that not only assigned a special role to one nation but seemed to view the world as divided, by divine decree, into separate peoples. Although the descendants of Adam had spoken one language for many generations, the attempt to build the Tower of Babel had brought divine punishment: "Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech."

Henceforth, any project of constructing a global empire would be seen as a second rebellion against God. Although the punishment for Babel was canceled at Pentecost, when "Jews . . . out of every nation under heaven" heard the Apostles speak in their own languages, this was a spiritual and not a political unity.

A Christian's love for the universal Church is not inconsistent with his duty of obedience to a secular, even a non-Christian ruler. Saint Paul made that clear in the 13th chapter of Romans, and, over a thousand years later, St. Thomas Aquinas took it for granted that kingdoms were part of the natural order ordained by God.

Protestant churches were, for the most part, national institutions that enjoined obedience and respect for the nation and its rulers. Luther's strictures against disobedience and rebellion are well known, and the leaders of national churches in England, Scotland, and Sweden were hardly likely to deny the authority or significance of the nation-states to which they ministered and for whose rulers they regularly prayed to "vanquish and overcome all enemies." Orthodox churches have played an important part in the national liberation struggles of Greeks, Serbs, and Bulgars, and there is nothing in Orthodox social thought that would justify contempt for patriotic loyalty.

Even the Catholic Church, which claimed universal jurisdiction, did not dispute the legitimacy of nations or nation-states. During the difficult years following the Italian kingdom's conquest of the Catholic Church's estates, when the Church forbade Catholics to take part in Italian politics, Pope Leo XIII declared that a supernatural love for the Church and a natural affection for your country are "twin affections sprung from the same everlasting principle."

During the Renaissance, Christian universalism began to be converted by nonbelievers into a secularized theory of human dignity and universal obligation that trivialized more local attachments. One major goal of the Enlightenment was to achieve a Newtonian revolution in

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morality and politics—that is, to discover the universal laws of morality and society. To enforce such universal, rational, and objective principles, some form of international order would be required. In other words, if all true laws and moral principles are universal, then only a world government could have the power to enforce them.

The Abbé de St.-Pierre, author of *Projet de Paix Perpetuelle*, was a typical Enlightenment intellectual with an unbounded faith in the goodness of human nature and the blessings of progress. His concern for *bienfaisance* led him to propose graduated taxation to benefit the French lower classes and, ultimately, to outline a plan for a world confederation that would eliminate war. Rousseau, who popularized St.-Pierre's essay, concluded that it might take a revolution to bring about a European federation to end war.

The revolution, when it came to France shortly after Rousseau's death, initiated one of the bloodiest periods of European history, when Enlightenment theories of liberty and equality, natural rights and the social contract, assumed a concrete form. All subsequent history in the West has been a series of attempts to extend (or resist) the principles of the Revolution. Since World War II, there has been no serious opposition to the ideology of 1789.

The leaders of revolutionary France simultaneously proclaimed their devotion to the nation and declared their support for other revolutionary movements that would rise up to throw off the chains of monarchy, feudalism, and Christianity. In the 19th century, however, the revolutionary ideal would separate, temporarily, into nationalist and internationalist channels—the one leading to the formation of centralized nation-states in France, Germany, Italy, and the United States; the other inspiring Marxists with their project of establishing economic justice in an international order.

Marx and Engels went furthest, in viewing the nation-state (along with the family and private property) as an institution that had been created by patriarchal men solely for the purpose of oppressing women and the poor. "The workers have no country," they proclaimed in the *Communist Manifesto*, explaining that bourgeois nationalism was a phase during which

> national differences and antagonisms between peoples are daily more and more vanishing, owing to the development of the bourgeoisie, to freedom of commerce, to the world market . . . The supremacy of the proletariat will cause them to vanish still faster. United action of the leading civilized countries at least is one of the first conditions for the emancipation of the proletariat.

Here, in a nutshell, is the entire doctrine of internationalism: an end to the exploitation of poor nations by rich nations and, ultimately, an end to the system of nation-states. Marxists and other leftists frequently accuse their opponents on the right of being racists, especially with regard to immigration from Islamic countries of the Third World or any attempt to prevent the rise of triumphalist Islam in Europe. Only a bigot would suggest (as Cardinal Biffi has done) that Italy should give preference to Christian immigrants who share Italy's traditional religion or that Serbs have a legitimate desire to retain control over any part of Kosovo-Metohija. And yet Marxist theory has done little to alleviate ethnic and national hostilities. Marx and Engels were both antisemitic racists who frequently used the English word "nigger" in their correspondence, and their racism and calls for genocide, rather than their theoretical globalism, have been the hallmark of all Marxist states.

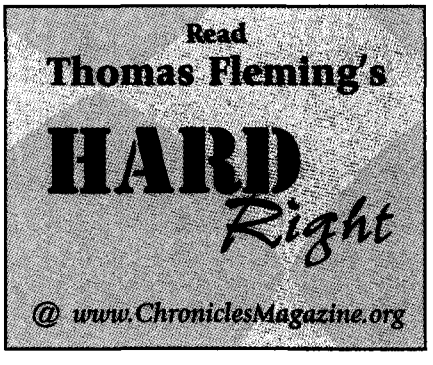
Despite the record of bigotry, mass murder, genocide, and ethnic repression that is the history of Marxist states, internationalist Marxists (that is, *all* leftists) have the effrontery to claim the moral high ground. They are adamantly opposed to any expression of ethnic, religious, or patriotic loyalty on the grounds that such old-fashioned attachments are the source of hatred and oppression. Some leftists, such as Martha Nussbaum ("the model philosopher" according to the *Chicago Tribune*, referring to her dress and morals rather than to her "scholarship"), are so eager to promote a "cosmopolitan" point of view that they are incapable of making even the crudest distinction between nationalism and the more primitive forms of loyalty that are found in all periods of history. For them, the Stoic ideal of "world citizenship," superior to all lesser attachments, requires us to "give our first allegiance to no mere form of government, no temporal power, but to the moral community made up by the humanity of all human beings." Model-philosophers get academic chairs for writing this sort of thing.

On this understanding, every patriotism is inferior to the "allegiance" we owe to a nonexistent "community" of people who do not know us and who, if they did, would probably hate us. Sentimental attachments (such as patriotism and mother-love) are not within the moral sphere, and liberal philosophers have declared that the only proper moral perspective is that of a disinterested third party (*cf.* Adam Smith's theory of the "impartial spectator").

The superior virtues of the cosmopolitan perspective belong to the class of self-evident truths that do not need to be defended. To real men and women, however, it is not at all self-evident that (in Herder's words) "the savage who loves himself, his wife, and his child with quiet joy and glows with limited activity for his tribe as for his own life" is not, in fact, "a more genuine being than that cultured ghost who is enchanted by the shadow of his whole species." "Ghost" is an apt metaphor for the deracinated internationalist who can see no virtues in the real people of his nation but falls in love either with "all mankind" or with an imaginary nation that has never existed and never will.

The campaign to eliminate ethnic identity is not an imperial conspiracy run by NATO powers or the heads of multinational corporations. There is, among most intellectuals and politicians, a general (though usually unspoken) consensus that the only legitimate point of view is universalist, inclusive, internationalist, tolerant, and multiethnic. Marx's bigotry and the tens of millions of people murdered by Marxist governments—often on purely ethnic grounds—are only proof of how far the human race has to go in shedding the Old Adam of family and nation.

Until conservatives in Europe and the United States purge their minds and speech of these perverse moral abstractions, they will continue to serve as unwitting conscripts in the crusade to establish a global state. ◁C▷



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At Bishop's Lodge

Catharine Savage Brosman

We lunch, well-shaded by a parasol, on a veranda
high above the cottonwoods, the winding road,
with mountains grazing in the distance,
shadow-fringed and mantled in Madonna blue,
looking back at us. So the pastor come
from France into this desert saw them in the summer

through the whitened light of noontide, going in
for his siesta, or in idle moments after morning
prayers, leaving the little hip-roofed chapel
for an immeasurable vault of sky. Even
a vicar apostolic, bishop, then archbishop,
Christ's own emissary to a land half-heathen still,

sought refuge in the hills, casting off the dust of
Santa Fé and riding here on horseback, fleeing
the burros' dung, fetid adobe huts, a child
with swollen belly, eyes like dead birds'—
a knife, a cry, and blood at nightfall. Cooler
air and calm, with wind for company and space

to nourish vision: yet the passion of the wilderness
was with him here, weighting his orisons as
by stones—the burden of his flock dispersed
through the Southwest in canyon bottoms
and on mesa-tops, the journeys, hostile tribes
harassing him—as now the world with us, profane,

but heirs-apparent to his refuge, hearing Cather's
words, where something of his ministry
endures, and life defined by an ideal is life well
spent: we move refreshed, imagining, as Lamy
did, a holy presence in the trees, a voice—
a paradise in sage and piñon pine, and in the soul.

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by Paul Gottfried

A Welcome Anniversary

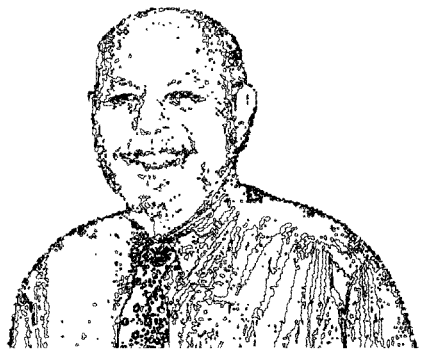
On July 13, the German weekly *Junge Freiheit* celebrated its 15th anniversary. This is astonishing, considering the outrages committed against the publication, including the burning of its printing facilities in 1994 and the five-year-long public warning against the paper issued by the provincial government of Nordrhein-Westfalen for "intimations of a disposition sympathetic to the far Right."

Throughout the summer and into the fall, the paper was full of provocative commentaries about the electoral campaigns of the two major-party coalitions, leading up to the national elections in September. Dieter Stein and his editors hammered away at the timid Edmund Stoiber, head of the Christian Democratic/Christian Social Union, who avoided the issue of immigration during his campaign with Chancellor Gerhard Schröder until about two weeks before the election. The September 13 issue of *Junge Freiheit*, which examined the candidates' attitudes toward the planned American war against Iraq, described the difference as an entirely trivial distinction between someone who has already become "the bed-mat of President Bush" and someone who will return to that role immediately after the election.

The center-right coalition under Stoiber botched the national election, losing by two points, although, by every economic indicator and based on the voters' widespread dissatisfaction with immigration, they should have won. Stoiber had turned his coalition into a laughingstock by running away from nationalist issues that should have worked for the right, in view of rising German unemployment and continuing anxieties about American imperialism.

Being conservative is not easy in Germany, where the federal state and its provincial counterparts maintain a constant surveillance, through paid spies, on those accused of "endangering the liberal democratic frame of the German constitution." The Verfassungsschutz, a vast intelligence apparatus that functions both federally and provincially, monitors "extremist" organizations, publications, and personalities and prepares criminal charges against those expressing undemocratic sentiments. These "V-men" have been recruited from among former Nazis and East German communist secret police and unleashed on the political enemies of those "defenders of democracy" who run the German spy system. This government-sponsored intimidation runs counter to the Basic Law of the German state, which, in Article 5, affirms the right to express opinions freely. During the early Cold War, the main targets of the V-men were suspected communist agents and communist front groups. Since the mid-70's, as German governments have veered leftward, the objects of surveillance and judicial prosecution have been overwhelmingly on the right. While impenitent communists fill the ranks of the present Red-Green coalition in Germany, right-of-center parties, such as the National Democrats and the Republicans, are on the verge of being banned. German communists, who have entered federal and provincial governments under the assumed name of the Party of German Socialists, now sit in judgment over right-of-center German organizations. The National Democrats, who openly oppose Third World immigration, would already have been banned (mostly because of the center-right Christian Democrats who want to recruit their voters) had it not been for the embarrassing revelation that V-men had infiltrated the party and planted the incendiary statements that were cited by the government and the courts to ban the targeted group.

Junge Freiheit, which scolds such illiberal behavior, has annoyed the political left and the bogus center-right, which endorse the curbing of "fascistic" thinking and publications. In Germany and in other European countries, "fascist" simply describes whatever the left does not want to be said. *Junge Freiheit* dares to raise off-color questions—*e.g.*, about assimilating large numbers of Third World Muslims into German society, the harmful effects of German attempts at repudiating their national past, and the incompatibility of leftist thought control with an even minimally free society. Amazingly, Freedom House, which reports on the state of civil liberties throughout the world, considers Germany a thoroughly free society, despite the fact that its treatment of academic and intellectual freedom seems to have been inspired by the communists and Nazis. German jails are full of writers who have made objectionable historical or scientific statements—and not just about the holocaust. Today, *Junge Freiheit* explains, "extremist" is equated with "*rechtsaussen*" (anything thought to be right of right-center). Journalists who call for revolutionary leftist programs do not often get investigated. Meanwhile, the police turn their backs when antifascist thugs assault politically incorrect intellectuals.



Junge Freiheit has responded to this antifascist bullying by seizing the banners of freedom and German national dignity. It calls attention to the restraints imposed on nonleftist opinions and to p.c. lies and distortions intended to degrade Germans, Christians, and Western societies. Retaining Alexander von Stahl, a distinguished jurist, and launching a now heavily subscribed affirmation of support, signed by over 2,700 dignitaries, Dieter Stein has made the attacks on his publication the main reason for its continued existence. His website (*www.jungefreiheit.de*) documents his weekly confrontation with the judicial thought police.

While Stein's weekly has never evinced the slightest sympathy for the Nazi regime (from which my own family fled), it does make the distinction between opposing the Nazis and turning their crimes into an excuse for denigrating German culture or for allowing self-described antifascists to destroy intellectual freedom.

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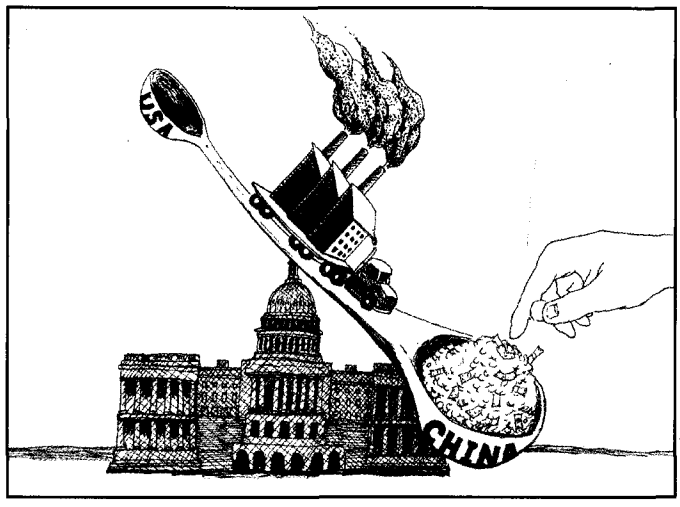
Nations Still Count in a Globalized World

Revealing the Invisible Hand

by William R. Hawkins



H. Ward Sterett

At the end of every major period of international strife since at least the Seven Years War, the claim has been put forth that a New World Order has finally arrived that makes possible the substitution of commerce for geopolitics and of law for armaments. This view came into its own after the Napoleonic Wars with the blossoming of "classical" liberal thought. As conservative jurist Sir Henry Maine noted at the time, "War appears to be as old as mankind, but peace is a modern invention."

In England, James Mill could write that "There is, in the present advanced state of the civilized world, in any country having a good government and a considerable population, so little chance of civil war or foreign invasion, that, in contriving the means of national felicity, but little allowance can be rationally required of it." Mill would refer any remaining problems to an international court of arbitration. Like nearly all liberals, Mill believed that, while a country could have economic connections anywhere in the world, it had no legitimate political or security concerns outside its own borders.

Jeremy Bentham wanted to replace "offensive and defensive treaties of alliance" with "treaties of commerce and amity," while, across the Channel, economist J.B. Say argued that "it is not necessary to have ambassadors. This is one of the ancient stupidities which time will do away with." They should be replaced, he believed, by consuls who would promote free trade. Another Frenchman, Frederic Bastiat, claimed in 1849, only a year after revolutions had shaken nearly every government on the Continent and sparked a number of military interventions, that "I shall not hesitate to vote for disarmament because I do not believe in invasions."

The liberal dream was repeatedly called into question by a number of wars in 19th-century Europe and by the exploits of worldwide imperialism, and World War I should have dealt it a decisive blow. Yet, in 1933, Norman Angell—whose 1910 best-seller *The Great Illusion* had declared that economic integration had made a world war impossible—was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in the belief that a second world war could not occur. That was the same year that Adolf Hitler became chancellor of Germany.

The Republican Party has been vulnerable to similar sophistries because of the excessive influence of classical-liberal economic theory on the modern conservative movement. The United States was not as isolationist during the 1920's and early 30's as legend would have it. Republican administrations participated in League of Nations conferences, took the lead in negotiating naval arms-control agreements, and promoted commercial expansion in Asia. The Coolidge administration even negotiated the Kellogg-Briand Pact of 1928, which sought to "outlaw" war itself, proclaiming that "all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or whatever origin . . . shall never be sought except by pacific means."

Republican leaders did these things in the belief that a new world was in the making, in which reason would triumph over force. There is very little difference between President Herbert Hoover's 1929 statement "that the forces of imperial dominion and aggression, of fear and suspicion are dying down; that they are being replaced with the desire for security and peaceful development" and President Bill Clinton's declaration, 70 years later, that, "perhaps for the first time in history, the world's leading nations are not engaged in a struggle with each other for security or territory. The world clearly is coming together." Clinton was speaking just before making a 1999 trip to Asia in which the promotion of trade as a prop for peace was to be a major topic. Hoover, in his speech, also called for the international "interchange of goods and ideas," with Americans "flung into every

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corner of the globe," as a key to a peaceful new era. This was not an expression of isolationism but of liberalism.

The Cold War came so fast upon the heels of World War II that the usual postwar liberal interregnum was cut short. However, the end of the Cold War unleashed pent-up pressures in both academic and business circles. President George H.W. Bush proclaimed a "New World Order," which was transformed into the concept of "engagement" by the Clinton administration. As Sir Michael Howard noted in his essay *The Invention of Peace* (2000), "In the last decade of the twentieth century the liberal inheritors of the Enlightenment seemed once again poised to establish peace . . . No alternative model for a world order was on offer; that of Kant and his disciples seemed to have triumphed over all its competitors."

Classical liberalism also formed the basis of the legalist frame of reference held by the business wing of the GOP, with its desire to subject international relations to the "rule of law" arbitrated by institutions set up by mutual agreement. This faction was particularly vocal during the first half of the 20th century, but its continuing influence can be seen in Republican support for the creation of such institutions as the World Trade Organization and in the abating of denunciations of the United Nations, which had been routine among conservatives a generation ago (though if the United States is unable to garner U.N. support for war against Iraq, hostility may resurface).

At its peak, the phenomenon known as globalization had convinced economists and social scientists across the political spectrum that the nation-state was finished. It was being undermined from within by both business groups and "non-governmental organizations" (NGOs), which were using new modes of global communications to forge their own alliances across borders. And the state's power to act unilaterally in its own behalf—the crucial "self-help" capability central to realist theory—was being constrained from above by international organizations claiming a higher legitimizing authority and by transnational capital markets that could cripple a state's finances overnight.

As the 21st century dawned, however, reality began to set in. The dot-com bubble burst, sending "growth" stock prices plummeting and stalling the vaunted information industry, which was supposed to be the driving force of the New Economy. Global financial crises, culminating in the 1997 wave that started on the Pacific Rim and spread to Russia and Latin America, have slowed the world economy. In addition, a wave of corporate-accounting scandals in the United States not only rocked a number of major companies but cast doubt on the claim that business managers were always wiser and more trustworthy than government officials and national leaders.

Far more business ventures fail than states. That healthy societies are able to endure much hardship should indicate a hierarchy of organizational forms that stands in stark contrast to the fashionable claim of the 1990's that private interest groups should be given priority over national development. Kipling said it best in "The Gods of the Copybook Headings" (1919):

> Then the Gods of the Market tumbled, and their smooth-tongued wizards withdrew,
> And the hearts of the meanest were humbled and began to believe it was true
> That All is not Gold that Glitters, and Two and Two make Four
> And the Gods of the Copybook Headings limped up to explain it once more.

And then there were the terrorist attacks of September 11. The core of the realist critique of liberalism was provided by E.H. Carr: "Potential war . . . [is] a dominant factor in international politics." It has always been the most important factor in the program of economic nationalism. Liberals have focused on Adam Smith's theory of the benefits of free trade and have taken that theory to an extreme in the subsequent development of the idea of "comparative advantage." Realists have understood why Smith called his classic work *The Wealth of Nations.* In his pioneering vision of the Industrial Revolution, Smith argued that domestic production capacity, not trade, was the basis for real national progress. Trade could support economic growth, but not all patterns of trade did so. Trade is not always a zero-sum game, and its composition can affect strategic industries. And the way that the benefits of trade (and investment) are distributed among economic partners can affect the international balance of power.

Consider the top U.S. objective at the World Trade Organization, which was the opening of world agricultural markets to American exports. This American initiative ran into a wall at both the 1999 Seattle and 2001 Doha ministerial conferences. The issue is framed by the rest of the world as "food security." No country worth its salt wants to be dependent on imports for something as vital as its food supply.

In a speech to the Future Farmers of America last July, President Bush himself argued for "food security," asking,

> how do we make sure American agriculture thrives as we head into the 21st century[?] I mean, after all, we're talking about national security. It's important for our nation to grow foodstuffs, to feed our people. Can you imagine a country that was unable to grow enough food to feed the people? It would be a nation that would be subject to international pressure. It would be a nation at risk.

This is exactly the way the leaders of China, Japan, India and the European Union feel when Washington tells them they should drop subsidies for their farmers and trust imports from the United States and a few other countries (Australia, Canada, Brazil) for their survival. They are simply not going to do this. Indeed, the United States has given them an example *not* to follow. In the 1980's, Iraq substituted food imports for domestic production, with much of the trade financed by the United States. Then the post-Gulf War economic sanctions cut off this trade, sending Iraq into a severe nutritional crisis that has cost tens of thousands of lives.

China has proclaimed self-sufficiency in food production as its official policy. She has also adopted other industrial policies in the name of national security. A U.S. Government Accounting Office report released in April 2002 confirms that Beijing is not embracing the concepts of disintegrated production and interdependence that are popular in American circles: "China's stated goal is to become self-sufficient in the production of semiconductors for its domestic market and to develop technology that is competitive on the world market. This goal is being pursued for economic and national security reasons . . . "

Beijing never adopted the post-Cold War view of a harmonious world upon which corporate globalism was based. A Chinese Defense White Paper published in October 2000 argued

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that,

> in today's world, factors that may cause instability and uncertainty have markedly increased. The world is far from peaceful. . . . Hegemonism and power politics still exist and are developing further in the international political, economic and security spheres. . . . As modern science and technology and economic globalization continue to develop, competition among countries has become fiercer than ever before.

This stands in stark contrast to how the world is presented in the 2002 *National Security Strategy of the United States* (NSS). The NSS chapter on international economics argues that "A strong world economy enhances our national security by advancing prosperity and freedom in the rest of the world. . . . We will promote economic growth and economic freedom beyond America's shores." Regional conflicts, terrorism, rogue states, and "weapons of mass destruction" figure prominently in the rest of the NSS, but there is no hint of any rivalry or threat to the balance of power from the economic gains made by other countries. Earlier, the NSS quotes from a speech President Bush gave at West Point: "the gravest danger to freedom lies at the crossroads of radicalism and technology." Yet there is no connection drawn between economic and military capability in the chapter that should have been devoted to the topic.

The GAO did draw such a connection in its report, finding that "China's efforts to improve its semiconductor manufacturing capability have narrowed the gap between U.S. and Chinese semiconductor manufacturing technology from between 7 to 10 years to 2 years or less"; this rapid progress "has improved its ability to develop more capable weapons systems and advanced consumer electronics."

From Singapore to Tokyo, alarm bells have been sounding about Beijing's drive to become the "production center of the world." China's main threat to Japan is in electronics, a mainstay of the latter country's economy. Several Japanese electronics giants (including Toshiba Corp., Sony Corp., Matsushita Electric Industrial Co., and Canon Inc.) have announced plans to expand operations in China, even as the industry is shedding tens of thousands of workers at home. Analysts at Salomon Smith Barney calculate that, if current growth rates continue, China's high-tech exports will overtake Japan's within the decade.

China's competitive reach extends beyond Asia. Mexicans today are raising the same concerns about China that opponents of the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) made a decade ago about Mexico. Mexico was the last holdout against China's entry into the WTO because of fears that China's meager prevailing wage would lure manufacturing jobs from Mexico. Mexican wages for workers in the *maquiladora* sector range from about $2.00 to $2.50 per hour, including some benefits and labor taxes. Figures on Chinese labor costs are less reliable but range from 35 cents to as much as one dollar per hour if all benefits and taxes are paid. By last spring, the *maquiladora* industry, which had been created to marry U.S. capital with Mexican labor, had lost 287,000 jobs since its October 2000 peak, a 21-percent drop. Not all of these jobs went to China, but a good many did.

When the Dutch firm Royal Philips Electronics closed its PC monitor plant in Ciudad Juárez and shifted operations to its plant in Suzhou, China, it cited China's more competitive supplier base as the reason. China's advantage was summed up by Prof. Robert S. Ross of Boston College: "China, unlike Japan, has the natural resources to sustain economic development and strategic autonomy. . . . Rather than move abroad as labor costs increase . . . Chinese enterprises, following market forces, will be able to move further into China's interior to exploit an inexhaustible, inexpensive and relatively reliable labor force." Business plans for foreign companies operating in China focus on local production both to supply the Chinese market and to export. This process will not only strengthen China but weaken Beijing's economic rivals in Asia, many of whom are political and military allies of the United States.

As American firms expand their operations in China, they want a better trained workforce available to meet their staffing needs. Honeywell Aerospace, for example, provides extensive training for the "best engineers" working for Aviation Industries of China (AVIC), including bringing them to U.S. plants to learn about American technology firsthand. AVIC is the state enterprise responsible for developing and manufacturing both military and civilian aircraft, missiles, and engines. It also conducts extensive research in aerodynamics, materials, and manufacturing technology.

Last summer, the U.S.-China Security Review Commission released its first annual report on the implications of American aid to Chinese economic development. The commission was created by an act of Congress, and its 12 private-sector members were appointed on an equal basis by Republican and Democratic congressional leaders. The commission found "the U.S. has been a major contributor, through trade and investment, to China's rise as an economic power" and that "over the next 10 years China will acquire a modernized industrial capacity to build advanced conventional and strategic weapons." It also found that Beijing's elite believe that China's rise will parallel America's decline.

If Beijing's ambitions are to be thwarted, the American elite must also remember that nation-states count, even in a globalized economy. Where investments are made, where factories are located, where resources are developed, and where research is conducted determine both the prosperity and the security of a country's citizens. The workings of the world economy are very uneven in their effects. The "invisible hand" of classical liberalism does not wave the flag of any particular country, and transnational corporations cannot be expected to put the larger interests of any national community ahead of their own narrow self-interests—unless instructed to do so by sovereign authorities on behalf of those who do still wave flags.

September 11 reminded us not only of the dangerous nature of the outside world but of the innate patriotism still felt by most Americans. No one rushed to hoist corporate banners in their front yards or to slap decals of corporate logos on their cars; it was the Stars and Stripes that appeared everywhere. In the heightened pace of international politics in the days since, it has become apparent that people around the world still owe their primary allegiance to local communities or other independent groupings based on feelings of identity far deeper than those invoked by shoes or DVD players. As British psychologist Alan Branthwaite has put it, "people want to live their lives with others who they feel are similar and they can trust . . . in a place under their own control, to exercise their rights and pursue their goals." It is the duty of statesmen to formulate their policies accordingly, channeling economic forces in ways that strengthen national capabilities in a divided world. c

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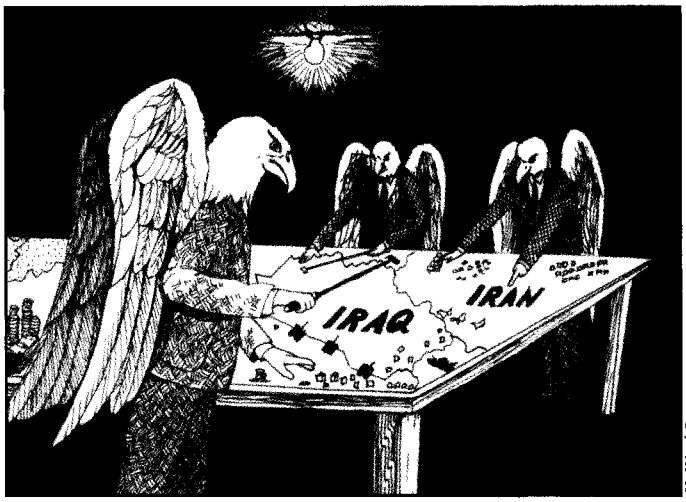
War Birds

A Taxonomy

by Justin Raimondo



H. Ward Sterett

As war clouds loom over the political landscape and the propaganda wafts thickly from the major news media, we have to ask: Where does all of this come from? Who is behind the rush to war?

Pat Buchanan has utilized a useful phrase to describe the origins of this bloodlust: the War Party. This term is taken out of an unfortunate chapter in American history and transmogrified into a generic term for those who advocate the advent of an American Empire. It is a useful phrase for a polemicist, but perhaps one that masks more than it reveals. What *is* the "War Party," exactly? Or, rather, *who*?

The answer to that question could fill a volume of some heft. For our purposes, however, a general overview of the different species of war birds is instructive. Our war birds are a transnational phenomenon, one that is pretty much restricted to the upper reaches of the elites in government, the media, academia, and the corporate world. These migratory creatures do not really belong to any single country, certainly not America: Indeed, foreign lobbyists are a major category of war bird, and, of these, Israel's are surely the most visible.

The Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs (JINSA) and the Center for Security Policy (CSP) are two key links in Israel's propaganda operation in the United States, and their role in calling for a "total war" against the Arab world, as JINSA honcho Michael Ledeen puts it, is at the core of the War Party's propaganda apparatus. JINSA's strategic outlook is outlined on their website: "Only one think-tank puts the U.S.-Israel strategic relationship *first*—JINSA" (emphasis in original).

For this reason, we must look askance at JINSA's penetration of the Bush administration and, particularly, of the civilian higher reaches of the Department of Defense. Former JINSA board members include Vice President Dick Cheney, John Bolton, and Douglas Feith (now undersecretary of policy at the Defense Department). As Jason Vest writes in the *Nation*:

> For this crew, "regime change" by any means necessary in Iraq, Iran, Syria, Saudi Arabia and the Palestinian Authority is an urgent imperative. Anyone who dissents—be it Colin Powell's State Department, the CIA or career military officers—is committing heresy against articles of faith that effectively hold there is no difference between US and Israeli national security interests, and that the only way to assure continued safety and prosperity for both countries is through hegemony in the Middle East—a hegemony achieved with the traditional cold war recipe of feints, force, clientism and covert action.

Vest cites "a veteran intelligence officer" who opines:

> Whenever you see someone identified in print or on TV as being with the Center for Security Policy or JINSA championing a position on the grounds of ideology or principle—which they are unquestionably doing with conviction—you are, nonetheless, not informed that they're also providing a sort of cover for other ideologues who just happen to stand to profit from hewing to the Likudnik and Pax Americana lines.

In other words, these organizations are merely fronts for covert Israeli activities in the United States. Their main objective is to inculcate the Israeli view of what American foreign policy ought to be: to wage war on the entire Arab world, regardless of the consequences for the United States.

A subset of the Israeli lobby is the Turkish lobby. That

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Turkey's longstanding strategic and military alliance with Israel has been a cornerstone of Israeli foreign policy is central to understanding U.S. policy in the region. JINSA and the CSP have played an important role in this effort, working tirelessly to keep American tax dollars flowing to Turkey. The effort has certainly been a success: Turkey has climbed to third place on the foreign-aid hit parade, below only Israel and Egypt.

That the Israeli and Turkish lobbies are two wings of the same bird is underscored by the activities of Richard Perle, a JINSA/CSP founding advisor, who raked in a total of $231,000 between 1990 and 1994 doing Ankara's (or somebody's) bidding in Washington. The *Nation* cites various Turkish media reports that Perle "sold the idea for the new [lobbying] company to Turgut Ozal, Turkey's [former] Prime Minister at a meeting in New York [in May 1999]." According to the *Wall Street Journal*, Perle did not comply with the requirements of the Foreign Agent Registration Act, however, because he was only "chairman of the firm's advisory board," a body consisting of a single individual—Richard Perle.

While the relatively open activities of Ankara's amen corner are aggressive and intrusive by any measure, the underground efforts on behalf of Ankara may prove the Turkish lobby's undoing. On October 25, 2002, *60 Minutes* detailed the case of Sibel Edmonds, who was once employed as a translator of wiretaps and other intercepted data and was fired when she tried to expose an effort by Turkish intelligence to recruit her. Jan Dickerson, a fellow translator, tried to get Edmonds to delete or alter her translations of a particular target under surveillance, an organization for which Dickerson herself had once worked. According to Edmonds, Dickerson and her husband (a U.S. military officer on active duty) had tried to recruit her into their spy organization, and, when she refused, they threatened her life and the safety of her family.

Edmonds appealed to her supervisors, who refused to investigate—then fired her. Senators Chuck Grassley and Patrick Leahy are raising a stink about this on Capitol Hill, but the power of the Turko-Israeli lobby has been sufficient to keep this out of public view.

Edmonds' lawyers allege that "Since our client reported these allegations to the FBI earlier this year the FBI has engaged in an ongoing unethical and illegal cover-up. Only after being pressured by the Senate Judiciary Committee has the FBI apparently finally admitted that our client's major whistleblower concerns have been confirmed." But what is being done about it? Why is Dickerson still employed as a translator, and why has Edmonds not been reinstated? What kind of treason is being covered up by the FBI, and why is the Justice Department not conducting a criminal investigation?

So far in this strange affair, the sole target of the U.S. government's wrath has been a brave woman who stood up to spies and saboteurs, defied them when they threatened her, and did her patriotic duty by turning them in. "The front-line of the war on terrorism has been directly undermined by the FBI's failures to act on our client's reports," said Edmonds' lawyers. "The FBI failed to promptly [*sic*] correct these problems and instead waged war against its own whistleblower. This is unforgivable in the post-9/11 world."

Other war birds are domestic in origin. Under the rubric of building "global democracy," platoons of think tanks and "research centers" have sprung up like mushrooms after a rain, amply nurtured by the post-Cold War triumphalism of neoconservative ideologues and a rich infusion of corporate dollars.

One example is the U.S. Committee to Expand NATO, cofounded by Bruce P. Jackson and Randy Scheunemann. The end of the Cold War did not deter NATO partisans and profiteers from pursuing the expansion of the archaic alliance. Indeed, it seemed to embolden them, and that was certainly the case with Mr. Jackson, who, by day, earned a six-figure salary as vice president in charge of strategy and planning for Lockheed Martin. We must not assume, of course, that Jackson is one of the famed Merchants of Death, whose lobbying activities are just a shameless grab for market share. The *Dallas Morning News* reassures us:

> By now, most close observers have dismissed the notion that Mr. Jackson is an arms merchant in do-gooder disguise. U.S. and European officials insist they have never known him to suggest, even indirectly, that new NATO members or nations trying to join should buy fighter aircraft or other weapons.

What the *Dallas Morning News* does not tell us is that candidates for NATO membership must upgrade their military capabilities to a degree that none of them could ever manage without U.S. financial assistance. Is it any surprise that Lockheed's officer in charge of strategy is pursuing this particular tactic to get contracts and access to a veritable cornucopia of taxpayer dollars?

Scheunemann, executive director of the NATO expansion committee, is president of Orion Strategies LLC, which has represented energy interests as well as the International Business and Energy Development Corp., the National Shooting Sports Foundation, and something called "Motivation Inc." Naturally, he is a registered agent of Lockheed Martin. He served as policy and intelligence advisor to Senate Majority Leaders Bob Dole and Trent Lott from 1993 to 1998.

The Committee to Expand NATO has now morphed into the Project on Transitional Democracies—with Jackson and Scheunemann still at the helm. The project celebrates the woozy triumphalism of global democracy with special emphasis on Southeastern Europe. Its mission statement declares:

> The Project on Transitional Democracies has been organized to exploit the opportunities to accelerate democratic reform and integration which we believe will exist in the broader Euro-Atlantic region over the next decade. The Project is a multi-year endeavor aimed at accelerating the pace of reform in Europe's post-1989 democracies and advancing the date for the integration of these democracies into the institutions of the Euro-Atlantic.

"Exploit" is truly the word to describe what the Jackson-Scheunemann team has done in the cause of NATO expansion. By the time you read this, as many as seven new members will have been admitted to the NATO alliance. Rumania and Bulgaria have recently been added to the list of five original nominees: Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Slovenia, and Slovakia. All will be required to undergo a thorough military upgrade to the basic standards of the alliance. As the *Boston Business Journal* reported on October 23, 2002: "The U.S. wants NATO members to increase their military budgets to at least 2 percent of gross domestic product. The U.S. spends about 3 percent, while about half the alliance's members are below 2 percent

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and the NATO-wide average is 2.1 percent, according to the State Department."

This represents a huge bonanza for the arms industry, and the fantastic success of this Jackson-and-Scheunemann production has led to the formation of yet another front group. The Committee for the Liberation of Iraq (Bruce P. Jackson, chairman, and Randy Scheunemann, executive director) is teaming up with the Bush administration to "build public support" for an attack on Iraq, according to a November 2, 2002, article in the *Washington Post*. As polls show support for the President's planned "regime change" in Baghdad rapidly declining, the committee seeks to "regain the momentum and prepare the political ground" for war. Working closely with the administration, the "liberationists" behind the committee are mobilizing to conduct "briefings" of key foreign-policy pressure groups, policy wonks, and talking heads, with National Security Advisor Condoleeza Rice and her deputy, Stephen Hadley, as their contacts in the White House. This mixture of the public and the private mirrors the quasi-official organizational status of the NATO expansion campaign, which cosponsored and paid for the big 1999 NATO anniversary bash in Washington, where bureaucrats and diplomats were wined and dined by Lockheed Martin, Boeing, Raytheon, and nine other defense contractors, each of whom shelled out $250,000 to celebrate. A Republican Congress will probably ignore any allegations that government resources are being allocated to fund the committee's effort to drum up popular support for the war on Iraq.

The Committee for the Liberation of Iraq is the Potemkin village of the War Party, designed to create the illusion that the American majority wants a war that benefits only a privileged elite and their foreign-lobbyist friends. It is the offspring of the marriage of neoconservatism and the military-industrial complex—a pathetic creature that could not survive without the elaborate life-support system created by its corporate sponsors, who pump millions into its operations.

Working in unison, three major factions—the neoconservative advocates of global "democracy," Israel's amen corner in the United States, and the corporate beneficiaries of an Iraqi invasion—are trying desperately to push us into war. If they accomplish their goal, it will not happen because of a public outcry for war with Iraq. Instead, they will succeed by applying pressure in all the right places—pressure brought to bear not only on the White House and Capitol Hill but on a media already cowed by post-September 11 "patriotic" correctness. This new p.c. forbids any reference to U.S. foreign policy as enabling—even motivating—terrorist activities directed against America. And, of course, any reference to the influence of Israel is "antisemitic." They hate us, not because we propped up despots, including Saddam and the shah and the House of Saud, but because we are so wonderful.

The Israeli lobby, with the evangelical "dispensationalists" in the Republican Party, has but one goal in mind: that war should start as soon as possible, in order to put an end to the Palestinian problem. The annexation of the occupied territories and the expulsion of the Palestinians into Jordan is no longer a fringe view but the program of a rapidly growing movement within Israel. Only the United States, however, can make it possible—by invading Iraq, destabilizing the entire region, and kicking up enough dust to serve as cover.

The Turks, and such secondary allies of the Anglo-American-Israeli triple alliance as India, stand to benefit in the same way: Ankara dreams of extending its influence to the Caucasian steppes as far as Afghanistan and fulfilling the dream of a reunited Ottoman Empire. The Hindu nationalists of New Delhi hope to destroy their archenemy, Pakistan, and, in the process, consolidate India's role as the regional power in Southern Asia—with American support.

Israel, Turkey, and India all have similar goals: the creation of a Greater Israel, a Greater Turkey, a Greater India—mini-empires in the "shadow of the hegemon."

On the domestic front, the players are motivated by money and power—not necessarily in that order. The Republican politicians profit by looking "tough on terrorism," while the Lockheed Martin/Boeing/Raytheon Axis of Corporate Evil rakes in plenty of dough.

The great problem of the war birds, however, is that they are a tiny minority, and they are up against a formidable enemy: the natural isolationism of the American people. The Founding Fathers, in advising their descendants to stay out of foreign quarrels and to avoid, as George Washington put it, "excessive partiality for one foreign nation and excessive dislike of another," were not imposing an abstract principle on an unwilling people; they were merely expressing the essence of the American character.

Crossing

by Ruth Moose

The snail at the edge of the road
inches forward, a trim gray finger
of a fellow in his pinstripe suit,
trying to reach the other side.

He's burdened by his house,
his permanent caravan
that has to follow
where he goes.
He tugs his house
over pebbles and sand,
the wide road rough
as every inch he pulls
together all he is, all
he owns, all he was given.

His ped is small but steady.
The road wide but he is called
by something, (who knows
what?) that knows him
on the other side.

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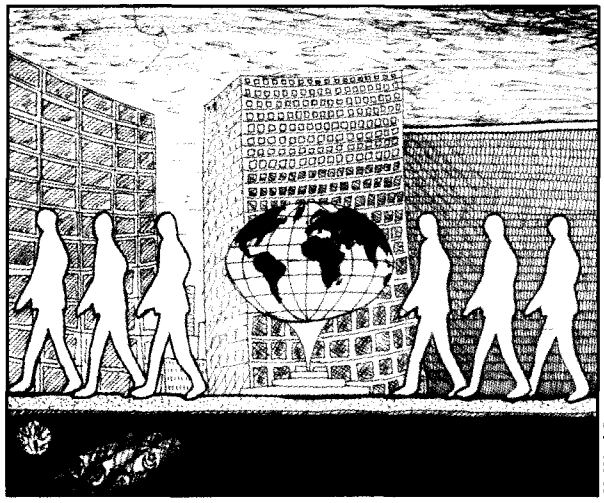
Another World

Inside the Global Village

by Srdja Trifkovic

"What doth it profit a man if he gain control of the whole world and lose control of his country?"

—Patrick J. Buchanan



H. Ward Stereit

My first encounter with the new, postnational ruling class came in the early 1980's. I was a young broadcaster with the BBC Yugoslav Service (as it was called then), and my work took me to Brussels seven or eight times in my first two years to cover various events related to the European Community and NATO headquarters, both located in the capital of Belgium.

I do not think that the founders of those two entities deliberately chose the least charming Western European capital or the most nondescript European country to be the location for those two vast bureaucratic machines; their choice, however, turned out to be strangely appropriate. They duly took over Brussels, and the name of that city came to denote an outlook and a way of life. It would not have been possible for 20,000 or so international bureaucrats to convert Paris, London, Rome, or even Amsterdam into a faithful reflection of their collective self. In Brussels, however, they succeeded. Their essence was expressed in the heart of it all, Berlaymont, a steel-and-concrete monstrosity that apparently sought the Third Way between Corbusier and Speer. Yes, "Europe" was to mean "Brussels," and Berlaymont was *it*.

When I first arrived, the process was well advanced. The street signs were bilingual—French and Flemish—but the commercial ones were mostly English even then, with the prefix "Euro" missing only on funeral parlors. I once stayed in a hotel called the *Eurovillage*, memorable for the sounds of ABBA and the Osmond Brothers that followed me everywhere from concealed speakers. Its name notwithstanding, it lacked a single rustic detail in its furnishings and décor. It was distinguished, in those pre-CNN days, by the choice of an incredible 17 channels from Benelux, France, and Germany, many of them showing the same American soaps (*Dallas* and *Falcon Crest* were in vogue) or the British miniseries *Brideshead Revisited*.

During the day, I would meet middle-ranking bureaucrats for briefings and their bosses for taped interviews, while, in the evening, I would have a drink with their junior staffers. It was the Europe of the Twelve back then, and although all member-nations had their contingents, the one from Britain seemed disproportionately numerous. (Come closing time, it was certainly the loudest.) Everyone else spoke English anyway, even Belgium's own Flemings, who preferred it to the language of their Walloon compatriots. But what an English! It was basic and synthetic in equal measure—like a Swedish pop group—and burdened with the bureaucratese "Eurospeak" of the workplace. It reflected the subculture of the English-as-foreign-language course and American electronic iconography. This was a thousand-word, three-tense language based on shared cultural clichés, not on inherited or internalized experiences. No witty turn of phrase, no pun, no spontaneous idiom, and certainly no subtle nuance was possible—or desirable. It seemed to satisfy the requirements of those people: In this language, they told jokes, exchanged office gossip, discussed Giscard's prospects

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against Mitterand and the problems of England's soccer team, and chatted up girls.

That was European integration in action, but it was vastly different from that of pre-1914 Europe. A century ago, Europe's ruling classes shared social commonalities that could be observed in Monte Carlo, Marienbad, or Paris, depending on the season. Their *lingua franca* was French, but unless it was polished, and the syntax elegant, you did not presume to speak it. Englishmen, Russians, or Austrians shared the same overall outlook and a highly developed sense of propriety, but they nevertheless remained rooted in their national traditions, the only permanent vessels in which *Weltanschauung* became *Kultur*.

The modern variety of European integration does not create social and civilizational commonalities. It creates cultural similarity—dreary sameness, even—and hints at some undefined "potentials." I could have had the same set of conversations on a range of topics with people from countries as different as Denmark, Portugal, and Luxembourg. Their attitudes differed according to age and bureaucratic rank, not according to their inherited cultural baggage. They read the same books, watched the same movies, ate the same food, and probably furnished their rented studios in the same way, too.

These people, unaccountable to any electorate, accept no natural limits to their desire to widen their power to run other people's lives. As Larry Siedentop has noted in *Democracy in Europe*, the result is "bureaucratic despotism": The rapid accumulation of power in Brussels is transforming the European Union into a centralized "tyranny."

The tyrannical aspect of "Europe" is reflected in the way "democracy" is used as an ideological concept. It does not signify the broad participation of informed citizens in the business of governance; it denotes the desirable social and political content of ostensibly popular decisions. The outcomes are preordained; the process of reaching them is "democratic." Any process deemed likely to produce undesirable outcomes is, therefore, *a priori* "undemocratic." Accordingly, if the citizens of Ireland or Denmark reject the euro or refuse to ratify the Nice Treaty, such "wrong" outcomes are not deemed an exercise of democracy but a violation thereof, and the referendum must be repeated until the right result is obtained. The result is a *dirigiste* model of neo-absolutism, a "government of strangers" who rule from a distant metropolis. Regulation by Brussels erodes Europe's local communities and traditions of self-government. It corrupts individual Europeans by breeding greed, fear, sycophancy, and resentment to replace such traditional civic virtues as emulation, self-reliance, and humility.

The rulers in Brussels are unperturbed by such criticism; they do not feel bound by the traditional moral code of the old "national" elite. If they are beset by anything at all, it is not guilt but anxiety—a nagging fear that a "nationalist" revival may yet occur back home and rob them of their power and status. They express emotion, in the form of embarrassment, only if a political leader from their country of origin makes discordant noises in pursuit of a "narrow" benefit of that country.

Margaret Thatcher regularly did this on the subject of Britain's contribution to the European Community budget and with her demands for an overhaul of the Common Agricultural Policy, which made her an object of derision and scorn among the Foreign Office and Treasury types sent to the Commission. She was despised and ridiculed because she presumed to rock the Euroboat in the name of the "British interest," and they were, functionally, no longer British but "European," part of a clearly defined "transnational elite." ("Cosmopolitan" should never be used here: Biaritz and Baden-Baden used to be "cosmopolitan"; Brussels is "transnational.")

This phenomenon was even more visible two years ago, when Austrian-born Berlaymontians went into fits over Jörg Haider's outrageous suggestion that there are too many foreigners in Austria and that immigration threatens that country's economy and traditional ethnic composition. Last year, the Italian-born Eurocrats agonized over Silvio Berlusconi's victory. In early 2002, after Jean-Marie Le Pen's success in the first round of the French presidential election, it was the French contingent's turn to be embarrassed and outraged.

Members of the new elite have more in common with one another than with ordinary voters in their country of origin. By now, Brussels is theirs indeed—socially amorphous, filled with people whose identities are situational rather than ethnic. None of them will ever admit to missing "home" (except for the Greeks, who are outsiders anyway, admitted by some hideous mistake), because they *are* home: *ibi quaestus ubi patria*.

> The notion that there are lands, countries, and nations—specifically, in Europe and North America—that should be defended by virtue of being "ours" seems both strange and subversive to the members of the elite.

By the late-1980's, I was somewhat surprised to find those deracinated Eurocrats' equivalent in Washington, D.C., when I arrived to work for the Voice of America. The dynamics of this group's identity seemed to transcend the boundaries of culture and space with ease. It was remarkable how American-born congressional aides, K Street lawyers, lobbyists, and agency bureaucrats blended in seamlessly with foreign diplomats, IMF analysts, Georgetown professors, World Bank experts, and media correspondents. This was indeed a "community" of sorts, dedicated to perpetual becoming instead of being. The traditional foundations of their respective societies—patriotism, historical memory, traditional morality, social homogeneity, and sexual restraint—were replaced by the culture of sophisticated disdain for all old bonds.

The Washingtonians (at least, those living west of Rock Creek Park) were, in some respects, different from their kinsmen in Brussels. They dressed more conservatively, exercised more, drank less, had more money, and apparently worked much harder. They were what Robert Reich called "symbolic analysts," earning their living by trafficking in information and manipulating words and figures. Theirs is an abstract world in which information and expertise are the most valuable com-

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modities. Since the market for these assets is international, the postnational elite is more concerned with the global system than with national, regional, or local communities.

"They send their children to private schools, insure themselves against medical emergencies . . . and hire private security guards to protect themselves against the mounting violence against them," Christopher Lasch noted in *The Revolt of the Elites*. "In effect, they have removed themselves from the common life." In Washington's case, "common life" has an especially ironic ring. The Washingtonian elite keep their offspring well away from the horrors of the District of Columbia's public-school system and steer clear of that violent *terra incognita* on the other side of 16th Street.

In foreign affairs, the members of the new elite are interventionists almost by definition, with "multilateralist" one-worlders currently dominating Brussels and neoconservative hegemonists presiding in Washington. Accordingly, the E.U. elite has taken over the Balkans, and its own proconsuls—Westendorp, Solana, Steiner, Kuchner, Ashdown, Petritsch, Haeckerupp—are building nations in Pristina and Sarajevo, now that the Beltway elite has more pressing business further east. They may disagree on some aspects of policy—whether Iraq should be attacked with or without the blessing of the U.N. Security Council, or whether Kosovo should be given independence in three or five years—but they do not question their own right to interfere in the affairs of faraway countries that neither threaten nor harm their own.

In domestic affairs, they see professional advancement and the freedom to make money as the main purpose of social policy. There is some difference, however: In Brussels, they like micromanagement even more than in Washington and have a "leftist" appetite for economic and social leveling. The difference, again, is only one of degree: Both groups' focus on opportunity and the "democratization of competence" reduces the notion of citizenship to equal access to rank and money. Shared participation in the common life of an organic community is neither upheld nor desired. The result is what Zbigniew Brzezinski described approvingly a quarter of a century ago as a new, autonomous social stratum: "The ties of these new elites cut across national boundaries; their perspectives are not confined by national traditions . . . and their interests are more functional than national."

This is the opposite of what José Ortega y Gassett feared in his *Revolt of the Masses*. The existing social order and the "civilizing traditions of Western culture" are threatened from above, not from below. The new elites reject rootedness and standards in favor of "progress." The contempt of the elite for the common man, as Lasch sees it, is in part

> the loss of respect for honest manual labor. We think of creative work as a series of abstract mental operations performed in an office, preferably with the aid of computers, not as the production of food, shelter and other necessities. The thinking classes are fatally removed from the physical side of life. . . . Their only relation to productive labor is that of consumers. They have no experience in making anything substantial.

The Washingtonians and their counterparts in Brussels also share a lack of religious conviction of any kind (unless the belief in the perpetual betterment of humankind by social and political activity is considered a form of religion). They both have an ideological preference for neoliberal globalization that includes an abiding commitment to multiculturalism, aesthetic relativism (just look at E.U.-sponsored art), and open borders. The notion that a government should have the right to control and restrict the flow of people (or goods, or capital) in the name of some "national interest" is deemed obsolete and dangerous.

That the postnational ruling elite is a threat to its host countries' traditional identities and ways of life hardly needs arguing, but this has been the theme of numerous articles and dozens of books over the past couple of decades. What needs stressing after September 11, however, is that they are uniquely ill equipped to defend us from the immediate threat of a resurgent and aggressive global Islam. They are secularists and proponents of free immigration; and secularism, since replacing Christianity as the guiding light of the West, has cast aside any idea of a *Christian* social, geographic, and cultural space that should be protected.

The notion that there are lands, countries, and nations—specifically, in Europe and North America—that should be defended by virtue of being "ours" seems both strange and subversive to the members of the elite. They share Samuel Huntington's dictum that the core concepts of our civilization are supposed to be individualism, liberalism, constitutionalism, human rights, equality, liberty, the rule of law, democracy, free markets, the separation of Church and State. They reject the suggestion that Christianity, the shared ethnic and linguistic origins of the European family, and that family's common historical experiences are at all relevant in the coming struggle. At the same time, the postnationals are inherently expansionist, and their foreign and economic policies aggravate the Muslim world, providing the radicals with an endless pool of potential recruits—resentful, violent, and willing to die.

The paradox is glaring, and its consequences will be very serious unless Muslims are either "Westernized" or vanquished. Neither can happen unless the present elites are replaced in a belated revolutionary recovery of Western spiritual and moral strength. If the postnationals continue to run the show on their present assumptions, it is unclear how they will be able to prevent Islamic theocratic intransigence from winning support while hiding behind secular-liberal toleration. Instead, our elite will go on repeating the mantra of Islam's "peace and tolerance" at home, while bombing Muslims abroad.

The danger of an endless cycle is real and present, and its ultimate victims may be those very Washingtonians themselves, if and when the terrorists obtain some serious weapon of mass destruction. In the meantime, they will continue telling us that the trend of global *Gleichschaltung* is inevitable, that economically motivated, unceasing immigration on a vast scale is unstoppable because it is the result of inexorable global market forces.

Any meaningful strategy for the War on Terror will have to start with Americans defining who we are and what we want and proceed to a frank assessment of the enemy. To this end, a new perspective on immigration and the Western identity is urgently needed, as is an understanding of the full and unvarnished truth about Islam. All will be in vain unless the murderous Islamic *jihad*, manifested on September 11, spells the end of another kind of extremism that is no less evil and murderous: the insistence of our ruling elite on constructing a multicultural, multiracial global village based on "democracy," human rights, and open markets. c

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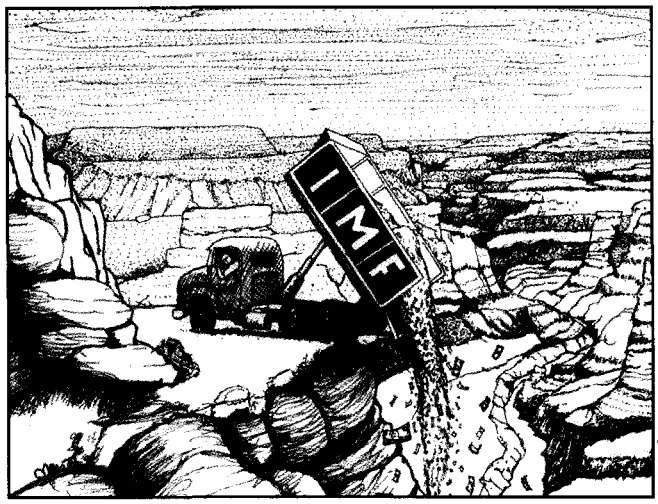
Foreign Aid and USAID

Help or Hindrance?

by Doug Bandow



H. Ward Sterett

There may be no more pitiful sight than that of tides of impoverished and starving refugees; there may be no greater irony than grievous want in the Third World amidst exploding possibilities in the First. Nearly a quarter of the world's population lives on less than one dollar per day. More than half survives on less than two.

These images and numbers may help explain the Bush administration's support for the Millennium Challenge Account (MCA), despite former treasury secretary Paul O'Neill's oft-expressed criticism of foreign aid. And even though terrorism has nothing to do with poverty, Washington is gripped with a desire to "do something" after September 11.

Yet the case for skepticism of foreign aid is as valid today as it was on September 10, 2001. Such distrust has nothing to do with isolationism, the term of opprobrium routinely tossed at anyone who criticizes an international initiative. Instead, it reflects a hardheaded analysis of reality.

Over the last two decades, the United States has provided $167 billion to 156 developing states. In the 97 for which reliable data is available, median *per capita* GDP has fallen 7.6 percent. It is hard to believe that tossing an extra five billion dollars annually into the MCA, as President Bush proposed, will yield any change. Indeed, Secretary of State Colin Powell's description of Africa as "clearly emerging as a continent of promise" is, at best, a politically correct delusion. The man-made famine in Zimbabwe is but one example of how governments intentionally wreck their nations for political gain.

The term "foreign aid" encompasses a host of programs with political, military, and humanitarian goals. The most important form of government "assistance" is the least justified: economic or development aid. It was created when people believed the Third World was poor because it lacked money. Today, we know that is not true.

Even during the Cold War, most aid was officially intended for development. The result has been an expensive wasteland. For instance, Zaire received some $8.5 billion from a multitude of sources between 1970 and 1994 but still imploded six years ago. (Even USAID administrator Brian Atwood acknowledged that "The investment of over $2 billion of American foreign aid served no purpose.") By some estimates, dictator Mobutu Sese Seko accumulated four billion dollars in personal assets, while running his country's debt up to $12 billion. Yet, in 1996, U.N. Ambassador Bill Richardson made a pilgrimage to the newly minted Democratic Republic of Congo, promising to provide $50 million in aid to the new dictator, Laurent Kabila, despite the atrocities committed by his military.

In fact, virtually every nation in crisis, from Somalia to Liberia to Haiti to Burundi, has received billions from the West. Between 1970 and 1995, aid to Africa, excluding Nigeria and South Africa, averaged 12.3 percent of GDP, five times the peak share of Marshall Plan transfers to France and Germany.

Even more staggering is the lack of any positive relationship between aid levels and economic growth. The U.N. Development Program reported in 1996 that 70 developing countries were poorer than they were in 1980; 43 were poorer than they were in 1970. Bryan Johnson of the Heritage Foundation points out that the vast majority of 66 states that had been borrowing from the World Bank for 25 years or more are as poor as they were before they took their first loan; one third are actually worse off. By my count, nearly one third of the world's countries have been on IMF programs, without positive effect, for 10 to 20 years. Another 30 have been borrowing continually for

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more than 20 years.

Today, no one seriously disputes that markets are required for growth and that aid cannot work in their absence. Assistance, however, cannot buy market reforms. All that an increasingly beleaguered band of aid defenders can claim is that foreign assistance may be useful if extended to governments that have already adopted good economic policies.

Perhaps the best broad-based study of economic policies over the last two decades is *Economic Freedom of the World* (regularly updated). Economists James Gwartney, Robert Lawson, and Robert Block have created an index of 17 components to measure economic freedom as well as three alternative summary indexes. Two particularly important lessons emerge. First, economic policies matter; better policies yield higher rates of growth. Second, changes in economic policy affect growth rates. Studies by other analysts and organizations, including the World Bank, yield the same general conclusion. Though analysts may still argue about the exact role of government, statism is no longer a serious option.

For years, the late economist P.T. Bauer was almost alone in criticizing the efficacy of foreign aid. His views are now mainstream. Particularly impressive are studies by Peter Boone of the London School of Economics and Center for Economic Performance. Assessing the experiences of nearly 100 nations, he concluded that "Long-term aid is not a means to create growth." In another study, he explained that "aid does not promote economic development for two reasons: Poverty is not caused by capital shortage, and it is not optimal for politicians to adjust distortionary policies when they receive aid flows."

His conclusion is backed by World Bank economists Craig Burnside and David Dollar. Although they argue that assistance can work in a good policy environment, they note that

> aid is fungible and tends to increase government spending proportionately, not just in the sector that donors think they are financing. That aid tends to increase government consumption, which in turn has no positive effect on growth, provides some insight into why aid is not promoting growth in the average recipient.

The Task Force on the United States and the Multilateral Development Banks, operated by the Center for Strategic and International Studies, was only slightly less pessimistic, reporting that "Substantial experience shows that development cannot be induced by resource transfers alone, but depends heavily on appropriate policies, functioning institutions, and cohesive societies." A Congressional Budget Office study by Eric Labs reached a similar conclusion. The overall impact of aid, argues Labs, is at best "marginal"; assistance will, "in the best of circumstances . . . play only a modest role in promoting economic development and improving human welfare."

There is evidence that aid actually *discourages* reform, by reducing the price of failure and the necessity of making politically painful policy changes. Indeed, in a recent issue of the *National Interest*, Bruce Bueno de Mesquita and Hilton Root report that, "On average, every dollar of per capita foreign aid improves an incumbent autocrat's chance of surviving in office another year by about 4 percent." All told, they figure that "foreign assistance may boost the survival prospects of poorly performing leaders by 30 percent or more."

Advocates of foreign aid have responded by desperately concocting new justifications for old aid programs—the promotion of policy reform and good governance, for instance. But a host of critical internal audits raises serious doubts about the efficacy of the World Bank's "adjustment lending." Burnside and Dollar go even further: Despite the Bank's commitment of tens of billions of dollars to such assistance, they conclude, "We find no systematic influence of aid on our index of fiscal, monetary, and trade policies." The CSIS Task Force also had its doubts: "Experience has shown the limits of the [Multilateral Development Banks'] ability to exert leverage for policy changes."

Of course, there are examples of aid recipients adopting reforms. It is hard to find any case, however, where there is convincing evidence that they did so *because of* aid. Take China, India, and the Soviet Union. All chose a reform path over the last two decades, and economic failure, not foreign aid, forced their decisions. Reform was their only option.

There is no reason to believe that President Bush's Millennium Challenge Account will be more successful than the billions already spent. Countries must have the will to reform, and that cannot be purchased through the promise of more aid—especially if they can count on money from the IMF, the World Bank, and other OECD countries even if they reject the reforms advocated by one giver or another.

Success begets success. Today, private-capital flows account for 80 percent of net long-term financial transfers, a 30-percent increase over the past few decades. Net foreign direct investment increased tenfold during the 1990's, to about $200 billion annually; total trade more than doubled, to $4.6 trillion.

Private capital flows most readily to other industrialized states. Gross private-capital flows as a percentage of GDP in 1999 generally exceeded 25 percent and ran up to 179.3 percent in Ireland. Although Panama hit 32.2 percent and a number of developing countries ranged around 10 percent, the average for low-income states was just 1.2 percent, compared to 4.9 percent for middle-income states and 29.2 percent for high-income ones. Foreign direct investment shows a similar relation.

Moreover, in the 1990's, private-capital flows and foreign direct investment increases were greater in developing states. The fastest rises were in Latin America, sub-Saharan Africa, and East Asia—notably faster than in Europe. (The increase in South Asia was much slower; gross private-capital flows actually fell as a percentage of GDP in the Middle East and North Africa.) Overall, more than one third of foreign direct investment went to the developing world in the mid-1990's, though that amount subsequently fell with the advent of the Russian and Asian economic crises.

Though foreign direct investment began the decade behind official development assistance, it was more than four times as high toward the end of the 1990's. Other private flows—portfolio transfers and bank and trade-related lending—were more than twice as high as foreign aid. Indeed, over the 1990's, aid ran $385.9 billion, while foreign direct investment was $1.013 trillion, and other private flows were $775.7 billion. (Remittances from workers overseas added another $450 billion in private transfers.) Although the various regional economic crises caused financial institutions to cut back their lending at decade's end, foreign direct investment has largely continued apace.

Though increasingly important to poor countries, private investment has been concentrated in certain developing states. The top-ten recipients in the latter half of the 1990's were China, Brazil, Mexico, Argentina, Malaysia, Poland, Chile, In-

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donesia, Thailand, and Russia. That concentration creates enormous risks when countries stumble—for instance, during the Asian economic crisis.

Shifting investment patterns, however, demonstrate the power of the private marketplace to reward good policies. Analysts from the Milken Institute argue that improving foreign-capital markets is a critical means of encouraging both growth and broad income distribution. Better financial systems reduce economic volatility, and "Access to capital is the key for mobilizing savings, reducing risk over time and across industries, monitoring managerial behavior and achieving efficient asset pricing" as well as nurturing "the development of a middle class, bridging existing income polarization."

However well intentioned, those who extend aid to even the best of governments run the risk of reducing incentives to reform. Moving toward a free market is a continuous process; foreign infusions reduce the penalty for unwise economic policies.

Are there a few cases where well-administered aid might materially speed up the development process? Perhaps, but that is no justification for a program that has cost, in current dollars, over one trillion dollars since World War II. At the Monterey Summit, President Bush coupled his call for more money with a commitment to make aid more effective. But what administration has ever intended that assistance be *ineffective*?

In June 2002, African leaders met with U.N. Secretary General Kofi Annan to request more aid, promising to clean up their governments. But what African government ever claimed to be for *worse governance*, and what African government was ever disciplined by its neighbors for corruption and incompetence?

Harvard's Jeffrey Sachs has called for "a better focused foreign aid program" that is "limited in duration" and accompanied by "a plan to phase it out." But what agency reinvention or bureaucratic reorganization ever made a real difference?

Indeed, consider the IMF's new strategy of bailing out countries in crisis. This, too, was supposed to be an entirely new, and limited, approach to aid. Charles Calomiris, a professor at Columbia Business School, argues, however, that bailouts result in three perverse effects:

> (1) undesirable redistributions of wealth from taxpayers to politically influential oligarchs in developing economies; (2) the promotion of excessive risk taking and inefficient investment; and (3) the undermining of the natural process of deregulation and economic and political reform . . .

Mexico was supposed to be unique. Although that program was widely hailed a success, Calomiris argues otherwise. The Mexican government has never attempted to hold the original debtors responsible after purchasing $45 billion in bad debt from insolvent banks, causing "the transfer of billions of dollars from Mexican taxpayers collectively to the country's wealthiest and most politically powerful enterprises and individuals. The economic result of these taxes is more than a pure transfer to the rich; taxation has also slowed recovery from the recession." In addition, the Mexican banking system remains unreformed—a financial time bomb.

Indonesia negotiated an IMF bailout but resisted the IMF's terms. A succession of weak governments has done virtually nothing to open the economy, despite billions of dollars in assistance and Jakarta's promises to reform. Now, Indonesia is calling for more aid—for the War on Terrorism.

For decades, South Korea has received generous aid as well as enormous U.S. military subsidies. Although Seoul relied enough on market forces to generate some growth, cheap bank credit for the politically powerful created an artificial bubble ready to burst.

Calomiris reports that "Korea's leadership has been much more cooperative [than Indonesia's] with the IMF, but here appearances may be deceiving." The banks continue to underwrite weak industrial conglomerates. "IMF aid is being channeled to the banks, which pass it along with impunity to the conglomerates that own them. Thus in Korea, the IMF has not even been able to prevent the immediate misuse of its funds, much less reform the long-term structure of the bank-industry relationships."

All of these countries—and others, such as Argentina, Brazil, and Turkey—are in trouble because of their own policies. Politicized banks are often at the root of such economic disasters. Only after the bubbles burst are the countries forced to address the underlying issues. Economic failure, not loans from the IMF and the United States, forces governments to act.

Borrowers in crisis are likely to do only the minimum necessary to receive aid. Left to their own devices, they would have to adopt all of the reforms necessary to recondition their economies and reassure foreign investors, who tend to be more careful with their own cash than international-aid bureaucrats are with tax monies from industrialized states.

Now that Washington has intervened again and again, what country cannot expect help? Every case is judged to be exceptional, warranting intervention. Perhaps the only instance in which the IMF held back was that of Argentina, which defaulted on her massive debt in December 2001.

This proclivity to intervene creates what economists call "moral hazard." The expectation of a subsidy encourages people to behave irresponsibly, as did many owners of federally insured savings-and-loans. Economist Allan Meltzer warns that "banks and financial institutions can now act safe in the knowledge that the IMF will provide a safety net to protect them from some, or even most, of their losses." This is a form of corporate welfare conducted by government institutions that act as Robin Hood in reverse.

Despite the best efforts of many dedicated professionals, foreign aid has failed. Whereas advocates once claimed that international transfers would move developing states into the industrial age, an increasing number of supporters now acknowledge that it might work only when countries have already adopted market reforms. In those cases, however, aid is not needed. After a half-century of failure, it is time to stop wasting the taxpayers' money and to look for new strategies to ease the agony that afflicts so many of the world's people.

Increased private trade and investment flows are the best way for the West to promote prosperity, and negotiations between individual debtors and lenders are the best response to financial failure. The steady growth of private economic power *vis-à-vis* poor, unsophisticated governments is not without adverse consequences, especially for more traditional and conservative societies. But it is a better alternative to rapacious collectivist regimes presiding over petty autocracies that hold their people in financial poverty and political bondage—and to Washington, Brussels, and Tokyo taxing their own people to fund failure.

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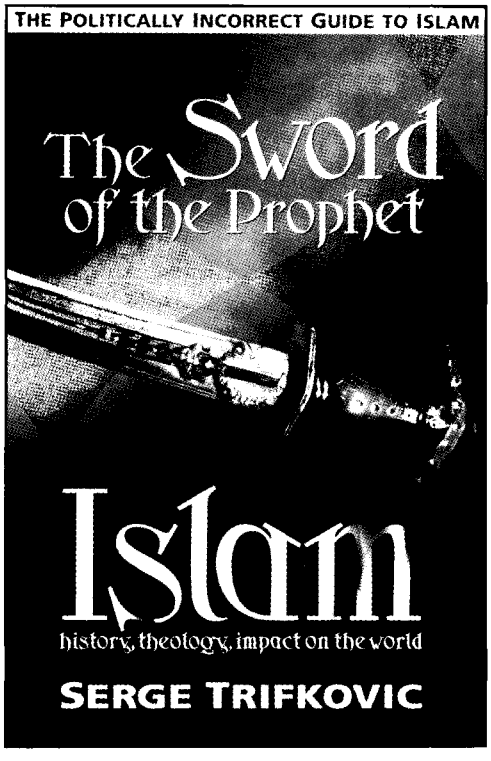
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Metaphors Have Consequences

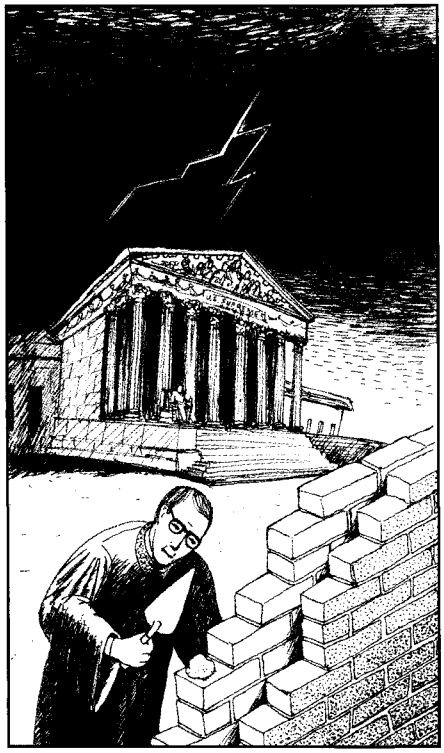
by Stephen B. Presser

"The adulterous connection of church and state."

—Thomas Paine

Thomas Jefferson and the Wall of Separation Between Church and State
by Daniel L. Dreisbach
New York and London: New York University Press; 304 pp., $42.00

Separation of Church and State
by Philip Hamburger
Cambridge, MA, and London: Harvard University Press; 560 pp., $49.95



H. Ward Sterett

Is "separation of Church and State" a bedrock principle of the U.S. Constitution? Should it be? The answers of constitutional historians Daniel L. Dreisbach and Philip Hamburger fly in the face of conventional wisdom, embodied in such cases as *Santa Fe Independent School District* v. *Doe* (2000), in which the Supreme Court held that students at a Texas high school were to be barred from delivering nonsectarian, nonproselytizing prayers before their football games—even though the students themselves had voted for such ceremonies.

The *Santa Fe* decision was based on a 1992 Supreme Court ruling that had banned officially sponsored nonsectarian prayers at a public-middle-school graduation ceremony on the grounds that,

> at a minimum, the Constitution guarantees that government may not coerce anyone to support or participate in religion or its exercise, or otherwise act in a way that establishes a state religion or religious faith, or tends to do so.

Listening to a school-sponsored prayer violates the Constitution, a majority of the Court believes, because the "coercive" nature of such prayers leads the nonbelieving student to feel alienated from his classmates.

Because it is inconceivable that the Framers of the First Amendment were concerned with such trivial considerations, we are led to ask how their language has come to be so interpreted. The First Amendment, after all, states only (in pertinent part) that, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This prohibition is directed *only at the federal legislature*—so how can it be construed to prohibit the activities of a group of Texas students?

Two questions must be answered. First, has the language of the First Amendment been properly construed in barring such activities as school prayer?; second, given the federal system of joint sovereignty by state and national governments, is it appropriate to extend First Amendment prohibitions against congressional action to state and local governments? Explaining how our Supreme Court has moved from declaring, as it did in 1892, that ours is a "Christian nation" to enforcing a secular conception of the American polity is a difficult task, and neither Dreisbach nor Hamburger attempts to explore every byway of this bizarre doctrinal journey. Both focus their attention, however, on two villains: one, a willing, and the other, an unwitting, accomplice.

The principal perpetrator they identify in the person of U.S. Supreme Court Associate Justice Hugo Black, who wrote in *Everson* v. *Board of Education of Ewing Township* (1947) that

> The "establishment of religion" clause of the First Amendment means at least this: Neither a state nor the Federal Government can set up a church. Neither can pass laws which aid one religion, aid all religions, or prefer one religion over another. Neither can force nor influence a person to go to or to remain away from church against his will or force him to profess a belief or disbelief in any religion. . . . No tax in any amount, large or small, can be levied to support any religious activities or institutions. . . . Neither a state nor the Federal Government can, openly or secretly, participate in the affairs of any religious organizations or

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groups and vice versa. In the words of Jefferson, the clause against establishment of religion by law was intended to erect "a wall of separation between Church and State."

Later, in his summation, Black stated that "The First Amendment has erected a wall between church and state. That wall must be kept high and impregnable. We could not approve the slightest breach." He then proceeded, nevertheless, to hold that it was permissible for the state of New Jersey to use public funds to reimburse transportation costs of pupils attending parochial schools, so long as such reimbursement was available to *all* students.

Later cases, such as those involving the banning of school prayer or Bible reading in public schools, took Black's language more literally, actually erecting the "high and impregnable" wall and more clearly forbidding any publicly funded participation in religion. Is this what Jefferson had in mind?

Dreisbach's answer seems to be "Not really." His volume, which he correctly describes as a "sourcebook," features a short essay (about 130 pages) reviewing Jefferson's views on religion and exploring the circumstances in which Jefferson wrote his "wall of separation" statement. The rest of the book consists of extensive notes and reprints of items from Jefferson's papers, including drafts and the final text of his 1802 missive to the Danbury Baptist Association. The Baptists had written Jefferson to "rejoice" in his election as President, to indicate their belief that his selection was the work of God, and to opine that "Religion is at all times and places a Matter between God and Individuals—That no man ought to suffer in Name, person or effects on account of his religious Opinions . . ." They sought Jefferson's indication of agreement, and so he wrote that

> Believing with you that religion is a matter which lies solely between man and his God, that he owes account to none other for his faith or his worship, that the legitimate powers of government reach actions only, and not opinions, I contemplate with sovereign reverence that act of the whole American people which declared that their legislature should "make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," thus building a wall of separation between Church and State. Adhering to this expression of the supreme will of the nation in behalf of the rights of conscience, I shall see with sincere satisfaction the progress of those sentiments which tend to restore to man all his natural rights, convinced he has no natural right in opposition to his social duties.
>
> I reciprocate your kind prayers for the protection and blessing of the common Father and Creator of man, and tender you for yourselves and your religious association, assurances of my high respect and esteem.

Not much here has to do with invocations at football games, and, as Dreisbach indicates, it is significant that this official letter of a chief magistrate to some of his constituents closes with a reference to prayer. Moreover, Dreisbach shows, Jefferson's purpose in writing this letter was to "heave a brick" at some of his Federalist Connecticut clerical critics, who had campaigned hard against his election, claiming that he was a shameless atheist. The Baptists—Jeffersonian Republicans who felt discriminated against by members of the state-supported Congregationalist Church in Connecticut—were celebrating the victory of their candidate and seeking to undercut support for their foes. As both Dreisbach and Hamburger suggest, the letter to the Danbury Baptists was not really a demand by Jefferson for religious freedom but more of an attempt to silence his Federalist clerical critics.

Moreover, as Dreisbach and Hamburger demonstrate, Jefferson's letter had no immediate impact on constitutional interpretation; the religious sentiments expressed in the letter, however, may well have represented his true beliefs. Jefferson did depart from the practice of Washington and Adams by declining to use the bully pulpit of the presidency to proclaim national days of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. Nevertheless, shortly after he wrote the 1802 letter, he began to attend religious services regularly held in the U.S. House of Representatives, and he never again used the "wall of separation" metaphor to describe the relationship between religion and government. Furthermore, the Baptists, who—as both Hamburger and Dreisbach stress—were really *not* in favor of separation of Church and State, never chose to publish Jefferson's letter; and the "wall of separation" metaphor had virtually no influence until 1947, when it was cited by Black (although it had been resurrected previously by the Supreme Court to support federal prosecution of Mormon polygamy).

These two books reinforce the work of earlier scholars who, writing bravely against the consensus, have demonstrated that the modern interpretation of Jefferson's sentiments differ from the prevailing views of the Framers' era. The Founding Fathers often stressed the essential role of religion in the healthy operation of the young republic; and Hamburger notes that, "At the very least, in their social attitudes Baptists seem to have had no quarrel with the commonplace that religion was essential for morality, republican government, and freedom."

These books clearly explain that the purpose of the First Amendment's "establishment" clause was to leave the individual states free to decide for themselves how to integrate religion with government. The authors of the First Amendment did intend that no sect be established as the mandatory national religion. Their purpose, however, was not to injure religion but to promote recognition of the fact that, at the time of the framing of the amendment, most of the states (like Massachusetts and Connecticut) had laws either establishing churches or imposing religious qualifications for the exercise of the franchise or for officeholding. Thus, like the other provisions of the Bill of Rights, the First Amendment was an attempt to protect the states from an overweening federal government, which might unduly interfere with their constitutional prerogatives. Dreisbach notes that to construe the First Amendment, as Black and his acolytes have done, as restricting individual states' and localities' religious preferences is to turn it "on its head."

Dreisbach demonstrates that even Jefferson clearly understood that the First Amendment was limited to restrictions on the federal government. So why is it now applied to the states? Justice Black, for one, did not doubt that it should be. Writing in *Everson*, Black based his decision on "The First Amendment, as made applicable to the states by the Fourteenth." The 14th Amendment, though, does not expressly incorporate the First, and the plethora of federal-court decisions applying the Establishment Clause against state and local governments have fol-

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lowed the curious argument that the 14th Amendment's assurances that no state shall deprive any person of "due process" or the "equal protection of the laws" or the "privileges and immunities of United States citizenship" somehow mean that, if the federal government is barred from encouraging religious activities, so are the states.

Reams have been filled with discussions of this "incorporation" doctrine, and even though the current dogma in the courts and the legal academy is that it was the intention of the authors of the 14th Amendment that it be recognized, Hamburger, in particular, makes it plain that this was not the belief prevalent at the time of the 14th Amendment's passage. A number of American liberals and secularists vainly sought to pass an amendment expressly applying the text of the First Amendment against the states, and virtually everyone seems to have understood then that the 14th Amendment itself worked no alteration in this legal context. How, then, could Black and other justices assert that the 14th Amendment incorporated the First, and how did Jefferson's "wall of separation," originally intended to do no more than serve as a barrier between the federal government and the states, become a "high and impregnable" impediment to any state or local endorsement of the Holy?

Hamburger's brilliant thesis is that the American effort at separation of Church and State has had more to do with the promotion of bigotry and intolerance than with the preservation of liberty. This is not likely to please the ACLU, People For the American Way, or other purported defenders of proper constitutional pieties. In an awesome display of learning in theology, Church history, constitutional doctrine, and 19th-century American culture, Hamburger reveals that, until many Americans felt threatened by the wave of mostly Catholic immigrants to urban areas in the late 19th century, no one really cared much about Jefferson's wall. Once Catholics began to agitate for state funds to support their parochial schools and began actively to intervene in political contests, however, nativist Americans urged the principle of separation of Church and State not only to prevent funding for parochial schools but to prevent Catholic clerical and lay intervention in American civic life. Hamburger does not note that there is an interesting parallel with what happened in England in the 17th century, when fear of papist contamination led English Protestant aristocrats to ease out the Catholic James II and replace him with the Protestant William of Orange.

There are differences between 17th-century England and 19th-century America, however, and Hamburger maintains that American fear of Catholicism had as much to do with preserving a Protestant cultural ethos as it did with a theological and political fear of Rome. Still, the similarities in the proffered concepts (Catholics as the unthinking slaves of the pope, the pope as Antichrist, *etc.*) are striking. And just as the Glorious Revolution reinforced the position of the established church in England, anti-Catholic animus in late-19th-century America was generally accompanied by efforts to preserve the study and reading of the Protestant Bible in public schools and to promote a recognition of the importance of Christianity to good government. Hamburger does acknowledge that some had begun to articulate what would become our secular assumptions with regard to the proper relationship between government and religion, but these amounted to a tiny and impotent minority. Indeed, Hamburger is even able to demonstrate that some late-19th-century Jewish leaders were as strongly anti-Catholic as the Protestants and were even sympathetic to the need to inculcate Protestant piety in the public schools. He also shows, however, that many Jews—especially members of the Reform movement—had begun, by the last quarter of the century, to embrace the same radical conception of the separation of Church and State that they would exhibit in the 20th century in contesting prayer in American schools and in otherwise seeking to make Christianity a private, rather than a public, creed.

In any event, what Hamburger's data show beyond cavil is that separation of Church and State, in the form of constitutional doctrine, simply did not exist at the time of the passage of the 14th Amendment, nor for a couple of generations afterward. Protestant nativists invoked "separation" as a means to smother Catholic aspirations, but only fringe groups argued for a completely secular state. To drive this point home, Hamburger forcefully asserts that Justice Black's reconstruction of Jefferson's "wall" in *Everson* was probably as much a result of Black's membership in the most notorious of American nativist organizations, the Ku Klux Klan, and of his virulent personal anti-Catholicism as it was of his understanding of constitutional law. Hamburger's account of Black's duplicity and unscrupulousness as a lawyer and as a justice is one of the most gripping, powerful, and potentially influential parts of his book and should be the subject of many seminars and colloquia in the years to come.

Justice Cardozo, as quoted by Dreisbach, said that "Metaphors in law are to be narrowly watched, for starting as devices to liberate thought, they end often by enslaving it." Jefferson's "wall," which began as a slap at critics and a sop to allies, developed into the proposition that prayer at public-school football games and graduations must be prohibited because it is "psychologically coercive." Justice Antonin Scalia, dissenting in the middle-school graduation case, lamented that the Supreme Court had departed from the wisdom of the Framers in their conviction that

> nothing, absolutely nothing, is so inclined to foster among religious believers of various faiths a toleration—no, an affection—for one another than voluntarily joining in prayer together, to the God whom they all worship and seek. Needless to say, no one should be compelled to do that, but it is a shame to deprive our public culture of the opportunity, and indeed the encouragement, for people to do it voluntarily.

Scalia was right; so are Dreisbach and Hamburger when they maintain that, if the test of correct constitutional interpretation is the historical understanding at the time of the constitutional provision's adoption, the "wall of separation" crumbles.

The popular appeal of the "wall" metaphor, anti-Catholicism, and nativist American attitudes generally, Hamburger argues, have led the Supreme Court to ignore the historical understanding of the First and 14th Amendments. Illegitimate in its departure from the original understanding, obtuse in its neglect of the human yearning for transcendence, and naive in its failure to recognize the impossibility of splitting our spiritual character away from our temporal one, the doctrine of separation spells trouble for the government that seeks to incorporate it into law.

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Therapeutic Totalitarianism

by H.A. Scott Trask

Multiculturalism and the Politics of Guilt: Toward a Secular Theocracy
by Paul Edward Gottfried
Columbia, Missouri: University of Missouri Press; 158 pp., $29.95

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Paul Gottfried has spent a useful career shining his lantern of truth into the dark corners of America's political consciousness. In *After Liberalism: Mass Democracy in the Managerial State* (1999), he examined the rise and consolidation of centralized managerial regimes across the Western world. Gottfried documented what should have been obvious to every educated man: Modern mass democracy was characterized not by popular participation or informed consent but by mass socialization, public apathy, and rule by public administrators.

In *Multiculturalism and the Politics of Guilt*, Gottfried examines "the turning of the administrative state . . . away from purely material programs, such as expanded entitlements, toward behavior control." This turning, he emphasizes, has *not* been preceded by any abandonment or shrinking of the welfare state. The triumphant managerial regime simply assumed an additional mission: the revolutionary transformation of society. There was no turn to freedom, much less to the right, after the Cold War. "What actually occurred was that the Left turned in a multicultural direction, toward the 'Marxist vulgate' of political correctness"—in other words, cultural Marxism.

Gottfried is one of the few scholars to notice that the social democratic left won the Cold War. Neoconservatives have been strutting about for a decade, pronouncing the "death of socialism," the triumph of democratic capitalism, the ascendancy of conservatism, and the dawn of universal freedom. Gottfried makes it clear, in painstaking detail, that all this is fantasy. While Soviet-style communism has failed and has been repudiated by everyone except Castro and Kim Jong Il, the Western form of democratic socialism—the mixed economy, the welfare state, redistributive taxation, government regulation of business—stands unchallenged. While the left has accepted private property, capital investment, entrepreneurialism, economic inequality, and market-generated pricing, it has not relinquished regulatory control over the private economy, nor has it reduced the proportion of taxes it extorts from private enterprise. Meanwhile, it has grown obsessed with *other* kinds of equality.

The left has exchanged the dream of a universal society without classes for the dream of a collectivity without cultural or ethnic differences. Leftists have learned that, by allowing for a semiprivate economy, they can command more financial resources for their revolution than they could by outright confiscation, nationalization, and centralized planning. They have also learned that corporations can be enlisted as enthusiastic allies. The result has been a kind of revolutionary left-wing corporatism. Gottfried describes it as an alliance between "the managerial state and the forces of capital accumulation." Here is the essence of Clinton's New Democracy, Tony Blair's New Labour, and George W. Bush's "compassionate conservatism"—the latter phrase signifying the GOP commitment to the welfare state, multiculturalism, and the therapeutic regime.

The therapeutic state is now firmly entrenched, and the multicultural left controls all of our cultural institutions. How did this happen? Gottfried is at his best in answering this question. He sees two causes of the disaster. The first is the power of the state in forcing social and demographic change. Western elites have initiated, promoted, and subsidized Third World immigration as a method of social control and as an instrument of cultural revolution. They have employed antidiscrimination law and affirmative action to break communities and regions. They have wielded the coercive powers of the state to intimidate the majority population, and they have garnered the support of "aggrieved individuals," "unconventional lifestyle groupings," and "Third World minorities." The managerial class seems to have an instinctive grasp of *divide et impera*. Gottfried observes that

> Selective recognition of collective identities serves the same political end as maximizing individual autonomy. Both weaken the established loyalties of nonvictim groups, particularly those that flow from kinship patterns and vigorous majority culture, and thereby enhance the state's social control.

The second cause is the regime's successful appeal to "the politics of guilt" and a "theology of victimization" as a means to demoralize and enervate Western majority populations. Gottfried believes that the foundations of the therapeutic state are to be found in Protestant Christianity, specifically Calvinism. He is not arguing that p.c. doctrines are somehow Christian—far from it. Rather, they are the products of a "deformed Protestant culture." Gottfried makes a compelling case that political correctness has become a substitute for Christianity, "a misplaced quest for religious redemption that takes the form of worshiping at the multicultural shrine." He believes that long-standing and widespread biblical illiteracy, theological confusion, and historical ignorance turned the "the past into a tabula rasa" and thus prepared the ground for the inculcation of politically correct doctrine as a new morality. So powerful is this anti-Western religion that its doctrines have penetrated even seemingly orthodox Christian churches, both Protestant and Catholic. (Gottfried cites numerous p.c. statements by prominent leaders of the American "Christian Right" to support his case.)

Sin is no longer a violation of God's law but merely insensitivity toward designated "minorities." Redemption is to be found in confessing that you belong to a wicked race (the Europeans) and paying penance to non-Western peoples. Penance takes many forms—foreign aid, reparations, liberal immigration laws, generous asylum policies, affirmative action, quotas, self-debasement, and general confessions of sinfulness. As a result, Europeans now believe that the path to righteousness and acceptance before God requires repudiating their people and civilization. An "act of rejection by the non-victim group directed against their civilization, gender [*sic*], race, or ancestors indicates sanctified living in a world or society held to be reprobate." There is even a "secular version of the end times": Francis Fukuyama has declared that the triumph of the American model of democratic capitalism and racial diversity signifies the "end of history" and the "final form" of human society.

Gottfried believes that the new faith assuages the pervasive social guilt that lingers as a vestige from the Christian era.

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Of course, it is more; the guilt is real. It results from man's sinful rebellion against God. It is not surprising that a people that is no longer Christian is ready to grasp at a pseudofaith that offers them relief from their guilt and fear of God's deserved wrath. In other words, the grip of p.c. upon the population may be even stronger than Gottfried thinks.

The religious character of the ideology accounts for the fanaticism of its supporters, their eagerness to persecute opponents, their hysterical reactions to reasoned dissent, and the lack of resistance from Western populations to the hostile and ethnocidal policies imposed on them by their governments. Cultural and political authorities defend multiculturalism and political correctness as the essence of morality, in a manner that appeals to the lingering Christian heritage of the population. Opposition thus appears as evil, and elites resort to demonization whenever they or their policies are challenged.

Such methods work. Gottfried cites former president Bill Clinton's wildly applauded and well-received address to the student body at Georgetown University just eight weeks after September 11, 2001 (in which he declared that America was "paying the price" for African slavery, Indian genocide, and the Crusades), as an example of the new faith in action. He points out that Western politicians (Clinton, Blair, Chirac, Schröder, and Bush) who support Third World immigration and embrace multicultural platitudes have been rewarded by voters with election and reelection to office.

Gottfried ends his book on a pessimistic note, speculating that the managerial-therapeutic revolution "may be irreversible." "Where regional loyalties and powers have broken down and individual self-fulfillment remains the highest ideal" (as in the United States), "it is unlikely that much resistance can be generated to the therapeutic ends pursued by public administration." Only on the Continent, the cradle of Western culture, where relatively cohesive national cultures still exist, does there appear any serious opposition to therapeutic government. In the more "fluid cultures" that characterize the anglophone West, the "malleability" of public opinion and the servility of the majority population cause Gottfried to consider whether "a core culture exists there at all."

The events of September 11 led many to wonder whether Western elites would realize the dangers inherent in their policies. Nothing of the kind happened. Gottfried explains that such hopes did not take into account the "fantasy aspect" of the managerial vision. He is no doubt right. However, he fails to note that the chief beneficiary of those events proved to be the managerial regime itself. Fantasy *and* calculation are driving the Managerial Revolution.

H.A. Scott Trask has a Ph.D. in American history, is finishing a study of antebellum political economist Condy Raguet of Philadelphia, and is writing a book on the Northern antiwar movement during the War Between the States.

A Pacified Globe

by James Moses

Aliens in America: The Strange Truth About Our Souls
by Peter Augustine Lawler
Wilmington, Delaware: ISI Books; 350 pp., $24.95

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If Ted Williams bats third in the Red Sox lineup on opening day at Boston's Fenway Park in A.D. 2115, then Peter Augustine Lawler's worst nightmare will have been realized.

Lawler, a professor of government at Berry College in Georgia, has written *Aliens in America* as a jeremiad against the brave new biotech revolution that began with Prozac and cloned sheep at the end of the last century and may culminate in baseball idols and Walt Disney thawing out from their cryonic cocoons sometime in the third millennium. Humanity, or what remains of it in suburbia, can avoid this ghastly fate only if America's religious, ethical, and constitutional underpinnings are able to reverse what the author describes as the "libertarian and therapeutic drifts in American life."

The villains of the book are Carl Sagan, Richard Rorty, and Francis Fukuyama. The title is derived from Walker Percy's Christian perspective, enunciated by Scripture and elucidated by Saint Augustine, that we are truly pilgrims or aliens on this planet, as our true home lies elsewhere. Percy questioned why Sagan was preoccupied with scanning the heavens for aliens when "beings stranger than any extraterrestrials we could imagine are right here on earth." Like public broadcasting's apostle of atheistic scientism, who somehow contrived to write a history of science without acknowledging any contribution from Pascal or other Christian thinkers, Rorty is another popularizer of noxious ideas, hell-bent on making us forget our true, limited (because mortal), and, consequently, alienated selves.

Rorty, allegedly "America's most influential professor of philosophy," would reduce his fellow Americans to automata concerned solely with comfort and pleasure. Since "cruelty is the worst thing we do," and hierarchy begets cruelty, the American project, under the tutelage of a civil religion that borrows heavily from Abraham Lincoln, must, perforce, be the ceaseless leveling of all distinctions. Where once it was thought a bad thing to end up as Nietzsche's "last man," now it is the acme of civilization. Rorty anathematizes Platonists, Christians, "rightist demagogues" such as Pat Buchanan, and even Marxists for being obsessed with the pursuit of truth.

Forgetting truth is the wisest course of action, said Fukuyama, now that we are either at, or near, the end of history. (He is somewhat less assured today that we have attained liberal-democratic, global-capitalist nirvana than he was in 1989, when he was all the post-Cold War rage.) Lawler brands Fukuyama a "teacher of evil," citing his belief that liberal democracy is "completely satisfying to human nature." By "completely," Fukuyama means that we can dispense with God. In fact, all seekers after ultimate truth are dispensable. Lawler says that Fukuyama

> wonders what the careers of tormented geniuses like Blaise Pascal or Nietzsche himself would have looked like had they been born to American parents and had Ritalin and Prozac available to them at an early age.

For Fukuyama, social capital can never be lost, as it is rooted in nature, not tradition. (With all of Fukuyama's reductionism, is it not high time to quit referring to him as a "neo"—or any other type of—conservative?)

In subsequent chapters, Lawler casts about for something in the legacy of the Founding Fathers to stop this headlong rush toward oblivion. However, he is not able to perform the trick in any coherent

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fashion because he regards all Straussians other than Fukuyama, from the late Allan Bloom to Harvey Mansfield to James Ceaser, as angelic (though Bloom's reputation is beginning to unravel of late). Two remarkable passages, however, indicate that Lawler has begun to stray: "The Declaration's progressivism, its theology of liberation, is most unreasonable. It is manifestly less reasonable than the Christian account of the Fall . . . "; and "Perhaps, Lincoln's identification of American religious passion with a merely political enterprise contributed to the nearly fatal weakening of American religious thought and sentiment we see now."

Might Lawler be lurching toward an assumption, implicit throughout the middle portion of the book, that, however great the Founding Fathers may have been, their handiwork, the federal Constitution, has likewise failed to provide a reliable political framework? After all, during the early 19th century, John Randolph had pronounced it a "dead letter," and everyone remembers back in 1987 how doddering Warren Burger tried vainly to rouse any interest in the bicentennial of the old document. Justice David Souter does not care about it, does not reason from its premises, so why should you?

Lawler claims that, among America's elite, the state appears to be withering away, a trend predicted by both Marx and his mid-20th century epigone, Alexandre Kojève. Loathing nationalism, and obsessed with economics and lifestyle choices, bourgeois Americans "do not think of themselves much as citizens" and tend to avoid public service entirely. Too bad for them, contends Carl Schmitt, for what they desire is a world of entertainment, devoid of seriousness.

> A definitively pacified globe [Kojève's "universal and homogeneous state"] would be a world without politics. In such a world there could be various, perhaps very interesting, oppositions and contrasts, competitions and intrigues of all kinds, but no opposition on the basis of which it could sensibly be demanded of men that they sacrifice their lives.

(Leo Strauss himself recognized that, for Schmitt, "the affirmation of the political is ultimately nothing other than the affirmation of the moral.")

Aliens in America is unevenly written. The writing in the first portion of the book flows well, displaying Lawler's often-mordant wit. Other sections are less felicitous. For example: "And so the ironic philosophers or intellectuals humanely give ordinary people linguistic therapy." (Socrates ministering to Valley Girls, or those afflicted with Brooklynese, perhaps?) This, like "postmodern" after "postmodern" cluttering up too many pages, attests to the effect of a misplaced concern for compressing complex ideas. I was also taken aback by Lawler's suggestion that Tocqueville was not a believing Christian. Readers of *The European Revolution & Correspondence with Gobineau*, edited by John Lukacs, know that the Christian commitment of that great aristocratic visitor to Jacksonian America is incontrovertible. Yet these are cavils. Lawler has shown how the misinterpreters of Hegel—and they are legion—can devastate a great country. And he has begun his long march through Straussianism, possibly never to return.

James Moses writes from New York City.

The Rest of the Story

by Paul Gottfried

The Slaughter of Cities:
Urban Renewal as Ethnic Cleansing
by E. Michael Jones
South Bend, IN: St. Augustine's Press;
670 pp., $40.00

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In this densely composed study, E. Michael Jones, editor of *Culture Wars* and outspoken Catholic traditionalist, tries to explain why American inner cities have been physically and socially devastated. Investigating four metropolitan areas that he knows well—Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, and Boston—Jones argues that established urban neighborhoods did not deteriorate simply because of economic crises or demographic accidents. Rather, from the 1950's on, a combination of misnamed redevelopment programs and malicious social planning turned these areas into war zones and, finally, depopulated deserts.

In every one of the cases Jones examines, similar circumstances emerge. WASP do-gooders, such as pharmaceutical inventor Albert C. Barnes and anti-Catholic reformers Paul and Brand Blanshard in Jones' native Philadelphia, sweet-talked politicians and the business community into pursuing projects for cleaning up and beautifying their cities. Not coincidentally, the areas that lost their communal character during this transformation were heavily Catholic, populated by faithful blue-collar workers for whom the reformers had little use.

Jones notes the persistence of this cultural revulsion among the do-gooders, who, 10 to 15 years later, helped to export the civil-rights revolution to Northern cities. He insists that what motivated such experiments as busing and scattered public housing, presented as urban renewal, was at least partly a disdain for urban ethnics—a point Christopher Lasch makes with equal emphasis in *The True and Only Heaven*. Protestant elites and their Jewish liberal allies never hid their contempt for the white ethnics who resisted their plans for thrusting underclass blacks into ethnic Catholic neighborhoods. Nor did the urban reformers whom Jones examines, such as Louis Wirth at the University of Chicago and the Blanshard brothers, conceal their intention of mainstreaming Catholic immigrants and their descendants, whom they viewed as a threat to their notion of a "pluralistic America." As a young professor, I found the same seething anti-Catholicism present among non-Catholic colleagues who railed against ethnic whites and turned down applicants for appointments because they had received "too much Catholic education"—had attended, that is, parochial schools. While Protestants commiserated with Jews on what, by the late 60's, was fictive academic antisemitism, both groups happily dumped on the Catholic "Neanderthals" who resisted the intrusion of blacks into their neighborhoods. Needless to say, the Protestants and Jews, having already fled the inner city, were pontificating from well-policed, lily-white suburbs.

Jones, in his brief, never deals with the obvious counterarguments. Catholic Democrats, as I observed in conversation with him while he was writing this book, were instrumental in bringing about the changes he deplores. How can he make his theory fit such staunch mayoral advocates of urban planning as Richard Daley in Chicago, Kevin White in Boston, Robert Wagner in New York, Jim Tate in Philadelphia, and Jerry Cavanagh in Detroit—all staunch Roman Catholics who

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depended on Catholic Democratic voters? While Jones speaks patronizingly about "a whole generation of Irish Catholic liberals who thought they had found a solution to the long reign of ethnic and racial struggle that had characterized American history," did not these Catholics contribute decisively to the problems Jones analyzes? And what about the Catholic Democrats who, like those in my native state of Connecticut, built alliances with civil-rights leaders and helped facilitate the mass entry of blacks into the Democratic Party? In Philadelphia, such a process drove Frank Rizzo back into the Republican Party, an organization that had represented, in the City of (not quite) Brotherly Love, the Protestant patricians and Southern Italians allied against the Democratic Irish as well as, by the late 60's, black race-hustlers.

Significantly, the despoliation of their neighborhoods did not provoke Catholic ethnics to flood into the populist right. They and their descendants still vote, for the most part, for the party of FDR and Bill Clinton, which is graced by such Catholic politicians as Joe Biden, Geraldine Ferraro, Ted Kennedy, Chris Dodd, Andrew Cuomo, and John Kerry. Unlike Jones, these figures and their Catholic constituencies have not resisted liberal WASPdom but have embraced wholeheartedly the views that Jones despises. The point is not whether these views conform to traditional Catholic social teaching (they do not), but whether American Catholics see themselves as victims of the liberal social manipulation that Jones argues was directed against them, postwar, in the cities. There is simply no evidence that most of these Catholics share Jones' historical perception or his conservative politics.

Jones, however, correctly understands the overshadowing role of ethnic hatred in political life. And since the fall of Nazism, which combined European right-wing fixations with leftist ones, it is the left that has played the hate card to perfection. The American left, in particular, has given fresh meaning to G.K. Chesterton's aphorism that hate unites people more effectively than love. One reason the left has held on to the Catholic majority is Catholics' continuing propensity to identify the Republican Party with American Protestantism. Among Irish Democrats in Massachusetts, Republicans, though usually bland Italian imitations of the opposing party, continue to be associated with the Calvinist, or lapsed Calvinist, Brahmins who had discriminated against the Irish and had tried to impose Protestant mores on them. The left knows how to collect ethnic victims by nurturing their fears and dislikes; and, even though the Republicans are always obsequiously reaching out to leftist constituencies, the minorities they do attract seem far less hate-filled than those on the Democratic left. Conversely, Republican voters who support the Republican Party, as Jones reminds us, know they are voting for an overwhelmingly WASP fraternity. And this will remain the case until the Republicans can pull off what may be impossible: an ethnic reconstruction of their party. In the meantime, the Republican Party remains, for ethnic minorities and people with kinky lifestyles, the party of exclusion. Hatred of WASPs and the recollection of slights suffered at their hands—or, in the case of the Jews, associating devout American Protestants with the Ku Klux Klan or the czarist Black Hundred—are essential to the support system upholding the anti-Christian, social-engineering left. Jones demonstrates that anti-Catholic Protestants have also contributed to this manipulative revolution from above, carried out in the name of fighting "prejudice." Their contribution, however, has been only one of many.

Paul Gottfried, a professor of humanities at Elizabethtown College in Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, is the author, most recently, of Multiculturalism and the Politics of Guilt.

Toxic Insanity

by Sarah J. Weber

The Revolt of the Primitive: An Inquiry Into the Roots of Political Correctness
by Howard S. Schwartz
Westport, CT: Praeger Publishers; 214 pp., $67.95

◆

A woman files a sexual-harassment suit against a man for wearing spandex shorts. A black college student tacks racist notes on his own door to try to start a campus outcry against racism. Howard Schwartz has tried to explain these and other examples of political correctness in psychological terms in *The Revolt of the Primitive*. For his purposes, Schwartz establishes a hypothetical American family to illustrate the findings he has taken from his source material.

He presents an elaborate model of psychological roles within this imaginary suburban family that, unfortunately, is so exaggerated that it is difficult to imagine that it represents anything in reality. Schwartz's family consists of the "toxic man," the "primordial mother," a son, and a daughter who is a spoiled, power-hungry monster. The mother is the only parent to whom the children seem to relate in any natural way. They use her to gain power over their disconnected fa-

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"MOST OF THE EXCUSES WHICH SERVE THE CAPITALISTS AS MASKS ARE, OF COURSE, THE EXCUSES OF HYPOCRITES." —G.K. CHESTERTON

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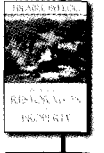

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ther, who is away from home between 8:00 A.M. and 5:00 P.M. daily in order to provide for the family. Schwartz predicts that the son will grow up to be a replica of his cold, distant father. The family's only hope lies with the spoiled daughter, and we might assume that she will follow in her mother's footsteps. In fact, Schwartz suggests that the life of the suburban housewife is the girl's worst nightmare—from which the university ultimately rescues her.

Schwartz's depiction of the daughter rings true. Without knowing what feminism really means, many young women, Schwartz suggests, subscribe to the view that men are evil, marriage is a trap, and anyone (nearly always a man) who thwarts their desires is in the wrong. Just as the mother has more presence (and, therefore, more power) in the family than the absent father, the daughter is sure to have a controlling impact on the men she will meet and relate to. So she heads for college, where she is taught that she is a victim of an oppressive, patriarchal society. Also, she learns the main premise of a modern college education: that men—especially white ones—are responsible for all of society's ills. Her white male peers, in their 20 or so years of life, have somehow perpetrated slavery, the holocaust, and the putative crime of the masculine sex drive.

The military, traditionally a haven for men, suffers from the same disease as the university, Schwartz argues. His chapter on the Armed Forces is a collection of stories and quotations from other people's books and articles pertaining to sexual-harassment charges, plus an extensive treatment of the "cultural problem" of Tailhook and the incidents of abuse that marred its 1991 convention.

Tailhook, a meeting of carrier pilots sanctioned by the U.S. Navy, had a reputation for wildness and debauchery that reached an exultant pinnacle following the Gulf War. Tailhook had been around since 1956; though the convention had been barred from several cities, it had never drawn a charge of sexual assault before Lt. Paula Coughlin alleged one. Coughlin had willingly engaged in sexual activities at Tailhook, which she later chose to define as assault. Schwartz comments:

> [W]hat is interesting . . . is the way the acts in which women participated enthusiastically were responded to with the same outrage as the acts of patent abuse, as if the two were equivalent . . .

The illogical conclusion many people drew from the Tailhook incident was that, since overt sexism exists in the military, throwing women into combat is a good thing. Schwartz puts the case well when he writes,

> The women who want women to be in combat do not understand what combat means, nor do they value it—they don't want men to have something by which they can define their identity as men.

The politically correct definition of sexism, Schwartz explains, is exclusion. The important thing is not that women are less suited for a certain task than men but merely that someone has drawn attention to the fact.

Schwartz ends his book with a chapter on the irrationality of the left's perception of white males, taking the example of the Columbine massacre for a peg. While the perpetrators were indeed white males, that fact was not quite enough to hang their crimes on; contributing also were violent video games—as well as guns. Schwartz's reverse-psychological interpretation of the events is sufficiently interesting: He assesses the brief moments of pain the gunshot wounds inflicted on Harris's and Klebold's victims, compared to the years of pain and suffering the two gunmen endured at the hands of their classmates.

In summation, Schwartz writes,

> [T]he problems that the revolt of the primitive has brought—a generation of confused and helpless male children, of women intoxicated by self-worship and victimized by their own grandiosity, decomposition of the family, destruction of the educational system, castration of the military, and many that we have not even mentioned—are monumental. Yet the worst of these is the undermining of self-criticism.

That is a true and poignant statement identifying the source of postmodernism and the breakdown of our culture. Sophocles, however, has the last word: "Think no longer / That you are in command here, but rather think / How, when you were, you served your own destruction."

Sarah J. Weber, a graduate student in English literature at Northern Illinois University, is Chronicles' *editorial assistant.*

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by Samuel Francis

Comrade King?

Twenty years have come and gone since Congress passed, and President Reagan signed into law, a bill creating a federal holiday for Martin Luther King, Jr., and, in those years, the holiday has become little more than yet another session in the perennial ritual of mass production and consumption that American public festivals generally celebrate. Nevertheless, unlike most other holidays, King Day continues to elicit a round of opinion pieces, editorials, and commentary about the "true" meaning of both the day and the man after whom it is named. If even half the ink spilled in the worship of "Dr." King were spent pondering the meaning of Christmas and Independence Day, we would be, at once, the most pious and the most patriotic people on the planet.

One effect of King Day has been to mute King's radicalism and to absorb him and his outlandish beliefs into the imagery of the harmless hero of the segregated lunch-counter and voters' registration marches. As NAACP boss Julian Bond said about King on *Meet the Press* in 1998, "He's frozen in 1963 at the march on Washington, sort of the gifted preacher who had a dream." But

> the real legacy [of King] goes well beyond that, all the way up to the date of his death, and it's the legacy of a man who really was a revolutionary figure, who was a critic of American capitalism, who was a critic of American foreign policy, who wanted a fairly radical restructuring of the American social order. We don't remember that King. We don't celebrate that legacy. Instead, we celebrate the '63 march on Washington legacy of this sort of cuddly figure, a warm guy, black and white together, we shall overcome.

Mr. Bond, of course, was entirely correct, and the annual goo-goo jabber from Jack Kemp and Bill Bennett about how King was really a conservative whom Republicans today should emulate is part of the emasculation of King that the holiday has helped perform and to which Mr. Bond was sarcastically pointing. Nevertheless, no matter how much King's radicalism has been obscured by the ornamentations of the holiday, that truth always threatens to pop out at the wrong time and place, to push the nation and the culture even more rapidly down the road toward the "radical restructuring of the American social order" that King sought.

Indeed, much of the "restructuring" has either already taken place or is in the process of taking place, in no small part because of the King holiday. As I argued some years ago, the effect of elevating King to the national pantheon is to legitimize and authorize his doctrines—especially his claim that the country owed to American blacks "a promissory note" for slavery and segregation. Since we have canonized King, how can we deny the truth of that claim? And if we acknowledge its truth, how can we effectively resist the agenda of what is now called "political correctness," multiculturalism, and "reparations" for slavery?

Recognizing the passion for both racial and social radicalism inherent in King's "restructuring of the American social order" immediately raises the old problem of the prophet's relationship to communism, and it was no accident that, during his life, his enemies repeatedly sought to "link" him with the Communist Party and its agents, foreign and domestic. In an October 1983 speech on the Senate floor, the major congressional opponent of the King holiday, Sen. Jesse Helms, concentrated on King's communist associations. (As a matter of fact, I wrote the speech.) And it is no accident that the professional hagiographers of King have devoted themselves to trying to discredit the links between King and his communist friends rather than seeking to defend or whitewash what actually might be considered more serious flaws, such as his notoriously goatish and hypocritical sex life and his lifelong habit of blatant plagiarism of virtually everything he ever wrote or said, from his doctoral dissertation to his last adventures in oratorical bombast.

The Helms speech remains probably the definitive collection of the documented lore of King's communist associations, which consisted mainly of his reliance on several known members of the Communist Party USA for material assistance. Some of these apparatchiks seemed to vanish or gravitate to other activities, un-American or not, as King's career and national stature rose. The main apparatchik who remained at King's side throughout his life and career, however, did not vanish. His name was Stanley D. Levison, and no one has ever disputed that much of what King accomplished, wrote, and uttered was, in fact, Levison's work.

It was because of Levison's membership in the Communist Party and especially the major role he played in helping to finance the party through funds illegally received from Moscow that J. Edgar Hoover urged that King and Levison be kept under continuous FBI surveillance once Hoover became aware that Levison was working with King in 1962. Both President and Attorney General Kennedy agreed to this, and Hoover did keep King and Levison under scrutiny for several years. A 1979 Justice Department report on FBI surveillance of King acknowledged the importance of Levison's work for him:

> The files [of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference] are replete with instances of his counseling King and his organization on matters pertaining to organization, finances, political strategy and speech writing . . .

The main response of most King hagiographers to the Levison relationship has been silence—or outrage when it is mentioned. Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan threw Senator Helms' speech to the floor of the Senate, stomping on it and denouncing it as "a packet of filth" (the title by which Helms' staffers soon began to refer to it). Senator Moynihan repeat-

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ed his act of stomping for the benefit of the news cameras once he was off the Senate floor and a bit closer to the Capitol Hill saloons in which he spent so much of his tenure in office. More recently, however, the gentleman who is probably King's hagiographer-in-chief has claimed to have proof that the King-Levison relationship was entirely beneficent.

David Garrow won the Pulitzer Prize for his mammoth biography of King, and his earlier book, *The FBI and Martin Luther King, Jr.*, was the first to discuss Levison's relationship with King. The latter book, published in 1981, more or less concedes that Levison was indeed a communist or close to the party during his relationship with King; but in the July/August 2002 *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Garrow presented evidence that he thinks exonerates Levison and King and inculpates J. Edgar Hoover as misleading the Kennedy and Johnson administrations about Levison.

The FBI files on Levison that have so far been released to the public seem to show that he left the Communist Party in 1956 or 1957 and that the FBI dropped him from its list of "key figures" in the party in March 1957. In June 1957, sources in the party reportedly told the FBI that Levison was simply a rank-and-file member and was no longer involved in clandestine funding of the party. Since Levison did not meet King until 1956 and was not deeply involved in helping him in the civil-rights movement (which Levison called the "liberation struggle") until April 1957, it seems that Levison could not have been working to subvert or influence King on behalf of the party or its Soviet masters during most of the time of his association with him. Hoover, according to Garrow, knew this but declined to report it to either the Kennedys or, later, to Lyndon Johnson, and so both administrations continued to accept the FBI director's inaccurate claim that Levison remained a high-ranking Communist Party agent. As long as they thought so, Levison's relationship with King and the civil-rights movement could be viewed only with apprehension by the administration, both for national-security and for personal political reasons. By 1963, the FBI, according to Garrow, had "ironclad evidence that Levison had explicitly severed whatever remaining ties he . . . had still had with the CPUSA," but the FBI shared that evidence with no one outside its own ranks.

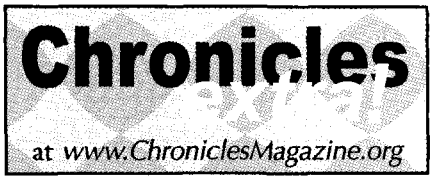
There is a problem or two with that claim, however. In the first place, the "ironclad evidence" that Garrow offers is a memo of a third-hand report of a conversation Levison had recently held with an old party comrade who reported to the FBI's source that Levison said the Communist Party had become "irrelevant" and "ineffective" and that he would provide no further support for it. Aside from the derivative nature of this claim, however, it appears to mean only that Levison was disgruntled with the American Communist Party, not necessarily with the communist movement as a whole, its Soviet leadership, or its ultimate goals.

Perhaps even more seriously, it is curious that so distinguished an historian as Garrow never bothers to cite or even mention John Barron's 1996 book, *Operation SOLO: The FBI's Man in the Kremlin*, which discusses Levison's continuing relationship with Communist Party members well into the 1960's (specifically, Lem Harris, a CPUSA official; Hunter Pitts O'Dell, a member of the national committee of the party as late as 1961 and also a close confidant and advisor of King; and Levison's own brother Roy, who remained a party member). As Barron remarks, it is not at all common for those who break with the Communist Party to maintain friendly ties with former comrades, nor is it encouraged by the comrades themselves. That Levison did so raises suspicions that his claims to have left the party were not quite as "ironclad" as Garrow wants to think.

Barron also points out that Levison met regularly with a man named Victor Lessiovsky, a Soviet official and assistant to U.N. Secretary General U Thant and long known to have been a high-ranking officer of the KGB. Lessiovsky's specialty as a Soviet agent was the recruitment and manipulation of "Third World peoples." Though Barron himself does not suggest it, it would have made sense to have had Lessiovsky's input on a long-term KGB operation to infiltrate and manipulate (or perhaps blackmail) the black leadership of the growing civil-rights movement in the United States, an operation for which the CPUSA, by the 1960's, would not have been suited. It is peculiar that Garrow never mentions Barron's book or Lessiovsky or Levison's relationship with him; if Barron's information is accurate, however, then Garrow's exoneration of Levison is worthless.

If Levison remained a communist or actually a KGB operative, does that mean that King himself was a communist or pro-communist? As Garrow says, "Of course not." Indeed, King's noncommunism is perhaps even bolstered by the presence of a communist infiltrator among his advisors. (Had King been an ideological communist, no agent of influence would have been needed.) But his reliance on Levison (as well as on O'Dell and, earlier, on several other comrades) does tell us that King saw nothing especially sinister in communism, that he didn't mind having communists and apparatchiks in his entourage and movement and making use of whatever talents and resources they could bring him, and that he was willing to lie to the President of the United States about his relationship with them. (After John F. Kennedy insisted that King "get rid" of O'Dell, King falsely told the President he had done so.) Indeed, he was entirely willing to mouth the anti-American words they wrote for him, including those of a notorious 1967 pro-Hanoi speech against the Vietnam War (written by Levison), in which King compared the United States to Nazi Germany. Did his communist pals merely manipulate him into making the speech, or did they blackmail him? The possibility of either is precisely why J. Edgar Hoover understood the importance of keeping King under surveillance.

King's casualness in accepting help from known communists, even apart from the question of their actual influence on him, goes far to discredit him as a serious moral force (even apart from his sex life and plagiarism), and it is understandable why his hagiographers have been so reluctant to talk honestly about this side of him. He is perhaps no more discredited than many other liberals of his time who also ignored or lied about such figures as Alger Hiss and the Rosenbergs, against whom there was far more damning evidence than against Stanley Levison. Those liberals are not icons in the national pantheon, however, and no one invokes their names to promote a "radical restructuring of the American social order." Those who continue to oppose the sort of "restructuring" that men like King and Levison wanted have every good reason to pull King's icon down from its pedestal and to tell the world the truth about why it should be smashed. C



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by Scott P. Richert

We Are All Socialists Now

Rockford has long been a Republican city, which is not surprising considering that industry—at least through the 1980's and, to a lesser extent, even now—has formed the basis of her economy. Today, however, Rockford is becoming increasingly Democratic. I do not necessarily mean that Democrats have begun to dominate city politics. Even though the mayorship is in its third decade of Democratic control, the city council is still fairly evenly divided, and the last two Democratic mayors, John McNamara and Charles Box, often acted like Republicans—at least in terms of their unabashed support for developers and development. (Our current mayor, Doug Scott, has more traditional Democratic concerns, which is not necessarily a bad thing. For instance, he seems more focused on Rockford's struggling downtown than on her "thriving" East State Street corridor of big-box stores and chain restaurants.)

Nor am I referring to Rockfordians voting for Democratic candidates for state office, a phenomenon that had more to do, in this election, with current Republican Governor George Ryan's complete betrayal of his constituency than with party identity. In an election dominated by the Republican Party nationwide, the states of the Upper Midwest—particularly Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin—have returned to Democratic control, and national Republican strategists are already talking about writing off these states—the stronghold of the Reagan Democrats of yore—in 2004. In Illinois, only one Republican candidate for statewide office, incumbent Treasurer Judy Baar Topinka, triumphed. And Republican Winnebago County Board Chairman Kris Cohn—since the election is over, she can drop the "O'Rourke" again—lost her home city by a two-to-one margin, almost the same margin by which she lost the state.

Rockford's increasingly Democratic nature is more a matter of attitude than of party identity. Six years ago, when The Rockford Institute first became involved in the fight against the judicial takeover of the school district, our call for a return to local control seemed to resonate among Rockfordians. A few months later, a rather conservative Republican candidate for mayor, Timothy Simms, almost defeated incumbent Democrat Charles Box. That fall, voters turned the school board over to a majority who had campaigned on ending federal control, slashing out-of-control spending, and reducing one of the highest property-tax rates in the country.

While candidates and columnists were beating the drums for local control, it became clear that voters and activists were engaged in a tax revolt. Their hopes were dashed when the school-board majority caved in to judicial taxation and put up only a halfhearted fight against overspending, opting instead to try to end the lawsuit quickly. They succeeded, and, as of last June, federal control came to an end; but they lost the board majority in the process, largely because their own repeated requests for additional taxes left their supporters dispirited.

Which brings us to the recent election, when Rockford voters approved the fourth school-district referendum in a row, as well as a one-cent sales-tax increase to build an elaborate $132-million county jail in the heart of downtown Rockford. Such referenda, it might be argued, are the very essence of local control, though only if you believe in popular democracy rather than representative government. But "What kind of person votes to raise his own taxes?" as my colleague Christopher Check asked, the day after the election. Actually, there are two answers: first, the person who doesn't expect to pay those taxes—the non-property-owner or the welfare recipient, for instance; and second, the person who has decided that he's tired of taking any personal responsibility for his community's problems. Both groups, unfortunately, are on the increase in Rockford and across the country. Certainly, the rapid transformation of the fabled "soccer mom" vote from Republican to Democratic (particularly noticeable in the Chicago suburbs) is an indication of the rise of the second group.

In the weeks before the election, I heard numerous people express their concern that, if the sales-tax increase did not pass, the Winnebago County Board would raise our property taxes instead. They had good reason to believe that this would be the case: When the referendum was first announced, county officials declared that the jail would be built even if the sales tax did not pass. But think about the logic at work in the minds of these people, most of whom have never voted for a Democratic candidate: Far better to vote for a sales-tax increase, which will be at least partially shouldered by visitors to Rockford, than to risk even the possibility of a property-tax increase, which we would have to bear on our own.

I understand the temptation. But if Winnebago County needs a new 1,200-bed jail to house an average daily population of 560 (a proposition that has not been proved), then who, in fact, should pay for it? Outsiders, who receive no real benefit from it, or the citizens of Rockford and Winnebago County, whose property will presumably be more secure with fewer criminals on the streets? To the extent that a sales-tax increase does shift some of the burden onto visitors, isn't that really just another form of welfare?

Before any type of tax increase was passed, there should have been a vigorous, honest, public debate about the need for a new jail and about possible alternatives. (For instance, only about 180 of the average daily population of 560 really needs to be there; the rest are largely awaiting release on bond). But that would have required a certain level of civic commitment, a willingness to get involved in a fight that might not be won. Better to throw some money at our elected officials in the vain hope that they will make the problem go away. Better still if we can take at least some of that money out of someone else's pocket. We are all socialists now.

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Letter From Nauvoo

by Thomas Fleming

Inside the Court of the Gentiles

Tolstoy once referred to Mormonism as "the American religion." I only know that because one of my former assistants, a Mormon himself, used to quote the statement as corroboration of the Mormons' belief that they are quintessentially American. Despite all of his proselytizing efforts and the gift of a *Book of Mormon*, I took no interest in a church that could offer neither literature and philosophy nor brandy and cigars. He did, however, pique my curiosity about the first major Mormon capital, Nauvoo, Illinois, and although I did not make it to Nauvoo during the brief period in June when the newly rebuilt temple was open to the public, I decided to make Nauvoo the centerpiece of my first sightseeing adventure in the state in which I have lived for 18 years. "See Illinois and die," I told my wife. (Or *vice versa*, I thought to myself, if you have been bad.)

Like most of the middle Middle West, Illinois is (in Taki's phrase) "corny and flat as a pancake." The drive down interstate highways from Rockford to Galesburg, where we were leaving cookies, clean clothes, and a younger sister with our son at Knox College, is entirely without interest. The beauty of the prairie has been destroyed, and the marks left by man on the landscape are worse than vandalism. The Midwestern farmer, judging from the look of his property, must hate nature and beauty both. The little groves of trees planted near the farmhouses, perhaps at some lonely farmwife's request, are the only sign that there might be more to life in the country than corn-shock-stubbled deserts and high-voltage wires.

To the east of Galesburg are the upper reaches of the Spoon River, where Knox College maintains a beautiful patch of prairie edged by hardwoods. This stretch is considerably north of Lewiston and Petersburg, the setting of Edgar Lee Masters' poems, but Masters himself spent a year as a student at Knox, and a room in the library memorializes the poet.

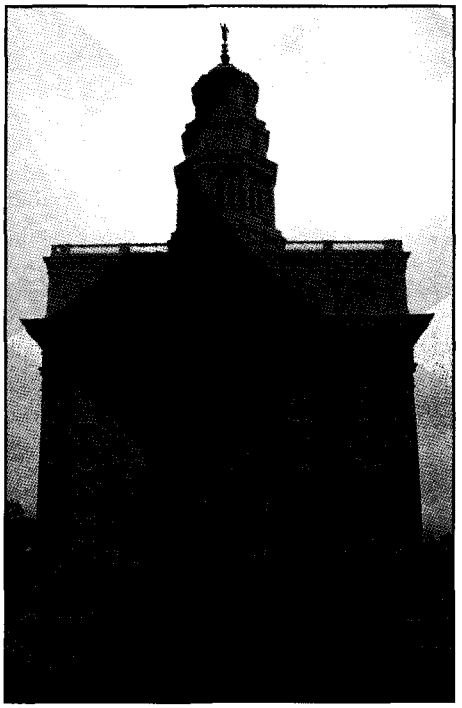
We were in a hurry to be on our way, and, without staying for lunch (the filial apartment was no place in which to eat), we set out on Illinois 41, heading south. That decision proved to be a mistake. There may be good local eateries, but, from what we could see, the local cuisine is determined by the Casey's General Store chain and Hardee's. In a fly-ridden Hardee's in Bushnell, we tried the award-winning "Six Dollar Burger for only $3.95," oozing mayo and dripping with a dressing that was as French—and as unconvincing—as a teenager's French kiss.

We picked up U.S. 136 just south of Bushnell and headed for Carthage. Just before crossing the Hancock County line, we entered a different world. The landscape began to swell and sprout hardwood trees. We felt the distant pull of the Mississippi on the countryside. This Carthage was not the birthplace of the man who swore eternal enmity to Rome but the death place of Joseph Smith, Jr., the Mormon prophet who had set up, with a generous charter from Illinois, the virtually independent community of Nauvoo. Depending upon what you read, Smith was either an inspired prophet or a career con man, a wise and benevolent statesman envied and murdered by the "gentiles" or a fanatic who plotted treason and insurrection against Illinois and the United States.

Although Mormons were never very popular wherever they went, serious trouble started when Nauvoo refused to allow state warrants to be served. Smith and his brother Hyrum were arrested on somewhat exaggerated charges of treason and taken into custody in Carthage, where a mob stormed the jail and shot Smith and his brother to death.

We made a brief stop at the Kibbe Museum—a charming assortment of local kitsch that derived from a spinster professor's personal collection of junk. The warmhearted volunteers were very helpful and told us that, before the temple opened in Nauvoo, they used to get about 1,000 visitors per year. This past summer, however, they were averaging 300 to 600 per day.

The volunteers directed us across the street to the world-famous jail. At the first of the Mormon visitors' centers, we heard



Thomas Fleming

The reconstructed Mormon temple

the refrain that would be repeated all day: *The tour starting in five minutes is booked up, but in an hour, there will be another tour.* I do not like tours, especially when they are conducted by eager missionaries. At two times in my life, I have been "missionized" by the Mormons, and two doses of that vaccine were sufficient to confer immunity. Sidling away from the greeters, we were asked the inevitable "Where you folks from?"; when one of the visitors heard "Rockford," she told us there was a Rockford lady in the rest room. We preferred not to wait for our Mormon compatriot and eased our way out, but my resourceful wife poked her nose into the jail, dragging along her husband hobbling on his broken ankle.

We were soon accosted by a tour guide with two women in tow. "Are you the folks from Rockford?" she asked. Hearing an affirmative, she explained that she was leading a "personal tour" and seemed to expect us to follow. As we heard her tell the tale of the martyred Smith, it began to dawn on me that we were getting a special tour under false pretenses: She must have confused us with the Mormon lady who was probably still in the rest room, recovering, perhaps, from her Six Dollar Burger. The guide told us what was to me the familiar version of the tale,

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omitting the fact that Illinois' eccentric governor, who disliked Mormons, was a fair man who was riding to their rescue when the lynching occurred. The governor refused to believe that the Smiths, who were very influential in both political parties, were involved in insurrection, and he insisted that there was no evidence of their intent to institute polygamy. He was certainly wrong about the future, and if the local stories are true, some of the Mormons, Smith included, were already practicing a kind of informal polygamy that disgusted the fathers of the farmers' daughters who were being recruited.

The story of the Good Samaritan jailer and the evil local authorities came near to a climax in the third-story "dungeon," where the Smiths had been imprisoned for some hours, before the kindly jailer took them to his own room, where the final scene took place. "*Don Giovanni*, last act, in Nauvoo," as a poet with a better command of opera than of geography once put it. Inside the jail, the guide closed the door and stood in front of it, as if she were a real-estate salesman, and played a four-minute tape that narrated the Smiths' last few moments of life.

When the tape stopped, the three ladies were weeping with an intensity I have only seen at funerals, among widows and mothers who have lost children. The guide explained that it was this story in this place that confirmed the truth of her faith, and she referred to Smith's killing as another Calvary. "This was," she concluded, "the final dispensation." We obviously did not belong there, and, to spare the ladies' feelings, we kept up the charade. On our way out, the guide warned us to stay *under* the posted speed limit in Nauvoo, a notorious speed trap. Perhaps the local authorities are tired of the Mormon pilgrims.

Shaken but determined to go on, we drove to the Mississippi and then north up her beautiful banks along Illinois 96. This was not Illinois as we had known it but part of the great Mississippi Valley, more like Missouri or Tennessee. There are few good places to stay in Nauvoo: one or two bed-and-breakfasts and the charming, if a bit rackety, Hotel Nauvoo right in the middle of town—my kind of place, exactly. The Hotel Nauvoo even has a restaurant to liberate travelers from Hardee's. Since reservations at Hotel Nauvoo were impossible on short notice, we had booked a room at the Schramm House, a classic bed-and-breakfast in Burlington, Iowa, hardly more than 30 to 40 minutes away.

While some bed-and-breakfasts are small enough to make the visitor feel like an unwelcome guest in someone else's home, the Schramm House is a spacious Victorian mansion located in a picturesque historic neighborhood on top of Heritage Hill. The house is only a stone's throw away from Snake Alley, dubbed the most winding street in the United States. The hosts, Bruce and Sandy Morrison, could not have been more gracious, and we had one of the rarest of experiences: a good night's sleep on the road. I thought we were being original in choosing Burlington as our base, but Sandy told us that a steady stream of Mormon pilgrims had made their way to her house since June. They were all model guests, though they made her husband, whose only task is to make the morning coffee, feel a little extraneous.

We took some time to explore the town. While urban renewal has ruined some of the riverfront, Burlington is, overall, one of the prettiest towns in the Midwest. The limestone churches are handsome, and the downtown streets, though blighted by the expected number of antique stores, seem like the streets of a real town.

At Sandy's recommendation, we tried the Jefferson Street Café for dinner. I had a good steak of Iowa beef, and my wife's request to have her duck breast cooked rare was interpreted literally by the chef. It was not what she actually wanted; it was better. We had a classic Midwestern evening. The pleasant waitress seemed a little puzzled by the request for a wine list, and her confusion turned to consternation when we asked her what the red wines actually were. No matter: In the end, we got a more than drinkable Australian shiraz.

The entire staff was friendly, efficient, and well groomed, and no one said "I'll be your server this evening." At the next table were a dozen high-school students celebrating homecoming. Unlike people their age in Chicago or even Rockford, they were very quiet and well-behaved. "Oh, isn't your life extremely flat / With nothing whatever to grumble at." The very nice girls were dressed to the nines in the bordello style popularized in the 90's, while the boys were wearing their regulation khakis and dress T-shirts on which the girls had pinned boutonnieres.

Questions of fashion aside, they were good kids who might have been stand-ins for a production of *The Music Man*—the Middle-American *Marriage of Figaro*, written by Iowa's most important artist, Meredith Wilson.

If the landscape of Illinois and Iowa had come as a minor revelation, a greater one lay in store for us in Nauvoo. First, there is the beauty of the natural setting along a bend of the Mississippi. Someone had an eye for beauty, perhaps Smith himself, who built his house on the spot with the best view of the river. Up the steep hill that crowns Nauvoo—I could not help thinking of it as the "Temple Mount"—the Mormons built their first temple, which was, and now is once again, one of the strangest buildings in the United States.

The old irony was that visitors to Nauvoo would go to the top of the hill only to find a Catholic church. The new irony is that a Christian church is now overshadowed by a Masonic temple. Compared with the mock-Gothic temple in Salt

Thomas Fleming

The view from Joseph Smith's house

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Lake City, the Nauvoo Temple is a masterpiece of elegance and simplicity, suggestive—to my poor eye—of a neoclassical renaissance style. The bizarre Masonic imagery of sun-faces with streaming hair, men-in-the-moon, and Tarot stars confirms the report that the Mormons had embraced Freemasonry *en masse* in the 1840's. In fact, Masonic meetings were held in Smith's store, and there are more than a few similarities between Mormonism and Masonry: Both are based on an improbable rewriting of ancient history, and both set themselves up as rivals to Christianity.

Although Mormons call it "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints," there is hardly a single point of contact between their religion and historic Christianity as measured by the creeds, hardly a single phrase of which is accepted by the LDS. God did not create the universe; Jesus was not "begotten not made" but a creature like the rest of us; and so on.

Once again, we had little time to take the tours offered either by the LDS, which owns the temple and the homes of such Mormon celebrities as Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, or by the Reorganized Mormons, now calling themselves the "Community of Christ," which have Joseph Smith's house and store (among many other sites). The two groups do not appear to be on speaking terms: At the dueling visitors' centers, neither group has much to say about the other.

While walking around, I recalled the uncertainties of the 19th century, when Christian faith, among the educated classes, was being replaced by Unitarian abstractions that offered little mystery and less comfort. In the wake of this great spiritual destruction, a thousand mushrooms bloomed, especially in New York and Connecticut: the Oneida free-love colony; the no-love Shakers; spiritualists; socialist communitarians (one group of which replaced the Mormons at Nauvoo); and, most spectacularly, the Mormons.

I have rarely felt the attraction of any cult, though I did once spend an evening in San Francisco at a Daishonin Buddhist meeting, learning to chant *Namyohorengekyo* to a Gohanzon available for only $15 plus shipping and handling. (I went for the food, but the hippies had eaten it all before I got there.) I do, however, understand the desperation of the 1840's, when so many people put their hope in a prophet who offered a living faith and a living church instead of the sterility of smug Congregationalism and the depleted enthusiasm of Methodism.

In the period after the 1940's, when everything that conservative Americans valued was being destroyed, some remarkably decent people, once again, turned to the "American religion" for the sense of order and commitment that neither politics nor mainstream religion seemed to offer. If Christians are worried about the success of Mormonism, they should ask themselves where they and their churches have failed. All too often, "the hungry sheep look up and they are not fed," except on a diet of the Social Gospel, theological inanity, and vandalized liturgy. The LDS, on the other hand, claims to offer the truth and a living prophetic authority to resolve the problems of our time. If Christian pastors refuse to say that they are preaching revealed truth, their flocks have no reason to accept their authority.

Thomas Fleming is the author of Montenegro: The Divided Land.

Letter From Great Britain

by Michael McMahon

Four Deaths and Three Funerals

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It was one in the morning, and my headlights were cutting a tunnel of light above the road through the woods by the Whissonsett turn, when an image suddenly dropped right in front of me like a slide before the lamp of an old-fashioned projector. It was a hare: not a young, sedentary, Dürer hare, but a full-grown, full-length creature with legs stretched out fore and aft, haring from the overhanging darkness on my left to the symmetrical nothingness on my right, and hanging for a fraction of a second in mid-air—a moment in which I had time to exult in his elegance and to fear for his safety, but not to move my foot from the accelerator to the brake. I struck him full on. A thud and a pitiful crunching of bones and he was behind me, his beauty as irrecoverably broken as if it had indeed been etched upon glass.

There has been a lot of death in my life recently. I hit that hare on the way back from the third funeral I had attended in a month. The first had been of an Anglican friend in his early 50's, who had been laid to rest in the churchyard of his Norfolk village with the order of service set down in Cranmer's Book of Common Prayer. As the coffin was brought into the perpendicular Gothic church, the parson read the appointed text: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." An old friend delivered an affecting panegyric. Another read the Lesson, from the First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians: "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept." We sang Greatorex's "Lift up your hearts!" upliftingly and heartily. We followed the coffin on foot to the graveyard. "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God in his great mercy to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed: we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ . . . " After the committal, we walked the hundred yards to the reception in the village hall. "That was a beautiful service," said a little old lady to nobody in particular. "Why can't all funerals be as dignified as that?"

The answer, of course, is that most people think that they have to settle for services like the one I attended ten days later. It was held in the Roman Catholic church I had known as a youngster. From the outside, it is still the high, handsome Victorian Gothic building I remember; but the interior, inevitably, has been "reordered" to suit the drab sub-liturgical norms that were left like so much rubbish on the seashore after the storm tide of the Second Vatican Council. Gone were the grand baldachino and altar rails; the focal point was no longer the tabernacle but a presidential throne. The high altar had been ripped from its setting to make space for a freestanding stone table over which contemporary celebrants can grin at those gathered before them, and the first dozen rows of benches had been absurdly rearranged in a herringbone pattern that protested against the existence of the nave. I sat as far away from the catafalque as was decent and put my head in my hands when a funeral director appeared and invited us all to move nearer

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the front, so that we could "feel more a part of the service." But there is no real escape in even the remotest corner of almost any Catholic church nowadays, for every ugly sound made in it is amplified and ubiquitized by the *sine qua non* of contemporary ecclesiastical furniture, the microphone. Thus, nobody in the congregation missed one *er* . . . or *ah* . . . of the celebrant's stumbling impromptu preamble, all ears were battered equally by the poetry-blind bathos of the spit-provoking "responsorial psalm," and each of the nine "happitudes" in the Gospel was hammered into every head in the congregation with a percussively un-blessèd thud. The Mass was followed by a cremation. Taped piano arrangements of 1930's band music tinkled from loudspeakers as the curtains closed over the coffin that contained the mortal remains of an old friend's father. May he rest in peace.

That funeral was relentlessly, gratingly ugly; its texts, a crude, committee-created mishmash of clumsy mistranslations. Yet under its ill-fitting mask of outmoded modernity lay a sacramental reality. For all the poverty of their expression, its words expressed petitions that the Almighty take pity on an imperfect soul. No such request is made in the more elegant service composed by the pointedly Protestant Cranmer, who preached the predestination of the elect, and for whom "The Romish Doctrine concerning Purgatory" was "a fond thing vainly invented." Behind the timeless beauty of his 16th-century English lie only the echoes and resonances of the words themselves. One could be forgiven for thinking that, in a world disintegrated by sin, beauty and truth have been sundered. But not everywhere. My last funeral used words that were, to my ears, far more beautiful than Cranmer's, and its every outward sign reflected the graces it conveyed.

It was, of course, the traditional Roman Requiem Mass, which is still celebrated in some places as a consequence of the unshakable determination of a minority of Catholics. One of them was Mary Neilson, who had devoted the last 30 years of her life to the fight for the survival of the old Latin liturgy in Scotland. When she died last autumn, in her 90th year, she was buried, as her will requested, after a Solemn High Mass in the perfect little 15th-century church that had become the chapel of her old school, St. Leonard's, in the ancient university city of St. Andrews. The celebrant was an American, Fr. John Emerson, regional superior of the Society of St. Peter, the fraternity established, with papal approval, in 1988 to train priests in the traditional liturgy of the Roman Rite. The Society now operates all over the world and has 50 students studying at its seminary in Denton, Nebraska, and 70 more in Wigratzbad, Germany. The existence of such an officially sanctioned setup was unimaginable in the 1970's, when just about the only authority exercised by the world's weakened episcopate was directed at condemning anyone who said, attended, or even dared to ask for the Old Mass. England and Wales enjoyed an indult that allowed for the occasional celebration of a cut-down version of the traditional liturgy, but no such concession was granted to Scotland. There, as in so many places, the very worst kind of preconciliar clericalism was employed to impose the one remaining ecclesiastical orthodoxy: that Hell (if it should exist) would have to freeze over before a priest would ever again be allowed to say "*Introibo*" at the foot of the altar. Unbowed by such bullying, Mary organized a Scottish branch of the international Latin Mass society, Una Voce. She turned her Edinburgh house into a Mass center, served first by the priests of Archbishop Lefebvre's Society of St. Pius X and then, after the Lefebvrist schism, by those of the Society of St. Peter—to which she left the property in her will.

Mary's was thus a deservedly dignified funeral. The Mass was celebrated with an ease that fused gesture, sound, and place with time and timelessness. It was as things were, and as things ought to be. It was, mind, followed by an extended moment of high comedy in which the car carrying the priest who was to bury her got separated from the rest of the cortege in traffic and then followed the wrong hearse for some miles before it was flagged down and pointed in the right direction. There was laughter at Mary's graveside, as well as sadness at her passing—but more than both, there was gratitude, for her efforts had done much to keep alive the ancient liturgy in Scotland during times when it would have been all too easy to have given up hope.

As the fruits of Mary's efforts begin to grow, those of her opponents are rotting on the vine. A month after her funeral, the last rites were nearly said over the only Catholic seminary left in Scotland. With a handful of students occupying a building built for a hundred, the closure of Scotus College in Glasgow was the recommended outcome of a review by Scotland's Catholic hierarchy, but, when decision time came round last November, the bishops couldn't bring themselves to make the choice that would mark the end of the self-renewal of Scottish Catholicism. It was a close-run thing: For months, the closure had been spoken of as a *fait accompli*. Glasgow's Scotus has only 16 students; the handful in the Pontifical Scots College in Rome and the Royal Scots College in Salamanca, Spain, bring the national total to 37. Twenty years ago, there were 136; ten years ago, 79. In five years' time, it is estimated that there will be only 25. Five years after that—well, draw the graph yourself. Cast into the postconciliar cauldron of uncertainty, the modernized priesthood in Scotland is evaporating as fast as it is everywhere else.

But the tide is on the turn. As the four-decade fad for "animators of eucharistic communities" fades to nothing, the timeless call to the sacrificial priesthood is being heard again. The few seminaries and monasteries in the world in which spirituality is built upon the traditional liturgy are overflowing with vocations. Hatred for the Catholic heritage is no longer fashionable. In April 2000, Bishop Mario Conti—a few months before being appointed archbishop of Glasgow and head of the Catholic Church in Scotland—celebrated the pre-Tridentine Sarum Rite of Mass to mark the 500th anniversary of King's College Chapel, Aberdeen. Ten years ago, such an act would have been unthinkable.

Michael McMahon is a freelance writer who lives in Norfolk, England. (The website of the Priestly Fraternity of St. Peter is www.fssp.org. *A 360-degree photograph of the interior of St. Leonard's Chapel can be viewed at* www.saint-andrews.co.uk/Tour/stlnrds.htm.)

Letter From London

by Andrei Navrozov

What the Loser Wins

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The reason I am loath ever to set foot in the casino of Venice is that, in mournful

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contrast to just about everything else that fast moors me to her flooding shores, the Casinò di Venezia at Palazzo Vendramin is not an anachronism. The Italian state, which runs the place along with several other, still more pathetic establishments, such those at San Remo and Campione, sells gambling to the Italians as if it were Heinz beans, or football tickets, or airport novels. As in the United States, the hypocrisy of the state restricting the profitable activity to a few clip joints, like Atlantic City, induces in the player the nauseated sensation of being cornered by modernity. It is as though, instead of being parted from his money in the natural way, he is made to undergo the proverbial back-alley abortion.

In London, where almost everything that once kept me happy has now been uprooted and plowed under, casinos are among the last anachronisms going. Privately owned and codified in law as membership clubs, they range from the Chinese-populated, cigarette-burns-in-the-carpet, 50-people-to-a-table emporia such as the Victoria in Marble Arch to the inwardly tense, yet outwardly Olympian, temples to the divinity of chance such as the Clermont in Berkeley Square. The truth that all of them, high and low, with the blessed exception of the late John Aspinall's tabernacle in Curzon Street, are owned by casino chains, vast corporate bureaucracies with ties to Las Vegas, is not to be dwelled on, so long as their residually Edwardian-minded managers remain unanimous on the value of concealing it from the public. Thus, a stretch limousine will still carry the melancholy loser home through the blackness of Mayfair night from even the shabbiest of playgrounds, without his having to present a vehicle-request form in triplicate with two forms of personal identification to some bright-eyed vixen in an ill-fitting trouser suit of lime green.

Apart from the free ride, what is it that the loser wins? I have been pondering this question for the better part of a decade, with financial consequences that some of my friends here might describe as unwelcome. And it is becoming increasingly clear to me that I simply cannot *not* write about playing roulette in London, for exactly the same reasons that I cannot *not* write about the roast suckling pig with myrtle leaves that I had in Sardinia ten years ago, or the grace of the Syrian woman whom chance had placed on my right at a friend's dinner party in Beirut last week, or the voice of Laura Giordano in Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto,* here at the Barbican last April, even though Alfredo, the young soprano's own devoted father, ran off to Aspinalls with me in the interval. These too are anachronisms, after all—the ebbing life of an island village, the outmoded, harem femininity of an Eastern dancer, and the Europe just beginning to die of consumption in Cimarosa's duets, "among the most beautiful," wrote Stendhal, "that the human spirit has ever conceived."

But chief among these is the anachronism of individual liberty. And what the loser wins, I say to confound my tight-fisted critics, is his liberty, in particular his freedom from the dominion of universal reason—meaning science, accounting, insurance, actuarial tables, received wisdom, tin-pot democracy, and paper money. By wagering a part of his life that is in real time—by tradition, casinos do not allow clocks on the premises—he gains admittance to the realm of dreams that Shakespeare, having catalogued but a handful of the "thousand natural shocks" to which the flesh of a disinherited nobleman is heir, makes his Hamlet ponder.

I have always held that, in the epochal storm that has been gathering over our civilization since 1789, the wise man should think like a pessimist and live like an optimist. In social terms, this means seeing yourself as an impoverished nobleman while suffering others to see you as a rich bourgeois. In the casino, you are finally alone with your thoughts and your freedoms; and the percentage of your material losses, if there be losses, is but the peppercorn rent for the temporary accommodation of a lacerated and destitute dignity.

In ages long past, noblemen from Charlemagne to Tolstoy went to church—among other reasons—to feel mortal, ordinary, part of the human herd. In the epoch that began in Europe with the rise of the bourgeoisie under the banner of universal reason—and is now nearing its ineluctable denouement in universal slavery—noblemen went to the casino to feel noble, uncommon, above the herd. Not surprisingly, it was in the 18th century, when the authority of chance (that is, of birth) was first challenged by that of reason (that is, of money), that gambling in its modern form, and the game of roulette in particular, first arrived in France and England.

Before that, casinos had existed only in Venice, that autarchic microcosm where the notion of a sovereign aristocracy had been under threat from the mercantile classes already by Shakespeare's day. "In sooth I know not why I am so sad," Antonio sets the tone of that epoch in the opening line of *The Merchant of Venice,* presaging the all-becrushing melancholy to which the lone individual—who now begins to see himself as a dispossessed aristocrat of the spirit—has well and truly succumbed by the 19th century, as in Heine's famous "*Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeauten, / Dass ich so traurig bin.*"

It is significant that gambling is not written about in the West today, any more than it was in Russia when Dostoevsky was first smitten by roulette at Bad Homburg and proceeded to reform his whole creative existence to accommodate the experience. In part, this is because of the fact that only in London do casinos still give the player the sense of having found a refuge from the sadness, and the conformity, and the plain risklessness of our common totalitarian era that, unbeknown to any of us, has long begun the countdown to spiritual zero. The gross, modern, and crooked casinos of Venice, Monte Carlo, or Las Vegas—collectively far better known throughout the world than their presumed London cousins—actually bear almost no relation to the anachronism I am trying to describe here as the source of the kind of liberating experience that Dostoevsky craved in his day.

The other, still more important cause of the silence that envelops gamblers and gambling is that the West's writers and journalists are themselves children of reason, bourgeois Sid Sawyers unable to perceive that without hunting, shooting, wenching, drinking, spitting, fighting, and cursing—in short, without some risk of actual harm to life, or limb, or at least reputation—their own bovinely revered literature would have had no 20th century, and not much of a 19th, either. Sure, a *New York Times* scribbler may go undercover to explore the secret world of massage parlors, while an Ivy League professor may sleep with as many coeds as there are in his English class, or else follow in the footsteps of Castaneda and gather dangerous herbs by moonlight on the town common. But where, I ask you, is the risk in that?

By contrast, a man embarking on the path of the casino gambler must be ready to become a liar, a thief, an embezzler, and a forger for the sake of his emancipating passion. Like Dostoevsky, he must be prepared to swindle his publisher to

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have more ready cash to hand and to marry his stenographer so as not to have to give some of it to her. Like Herman in Pushkin's *Queen of Spades*, he must feign passion without scruple when it is time to seduce a virgin. Like Julien Sorrel in Stendhal's *The Red and the Black*, he must be unmoved by death, especially his own. What professor of English, what New York hack, what American writer is nowadays prepared to regard such a vista with disinterest, to say nothing of sympathy?

We need only to recall how the Vietnam War protester Norman Mailer whined in his Pulitzer Prize-winning *Armies of the Night* that the canned orange juice he had been given in jail for breakfast burned his throat. For the trouble with such notable exponents of the cultural mainstream of the West, and of the United States in particular, is not—as their right-wing detractors often claim—their moral depravity and subversive daring but their absolute cowardice and cushy conformism. The unfortunate Theodore Kaczynski, whose *Industrial Society and Its Future* was the only attempt at original thinking ever permitted in the feature pages of the *New York Times*, has more writer in him—more bomber, more gambler, and certainly more nobleman—than all the departments of literature in America.

God, look at the time. I must dress for Aspinalls.

Andrei Navrozov is Chronicles' *European correspondent.*

Letter From Finland

by Alberto Carosa

The Prosciutto War

The mid-December 2001 E.U. summit in Laeken, Belgium, will probably be remembered most for its "prosciutto war," which began when Italian Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi refused to approve the new food agency to be located in Helsinki, Finland, since he was convinced that the Italian city of Parma was best suited to house the E.U. office. According to the major Finnish daily, *Helsingin Sanomat*, Berlusconi raised his voice, shouting his dissent, arguing that the Finns did not even know what prosciutto (ham) was.

Sharp statements such as this could backfire; in fact, the Finns *do* know what prosciutto is, so much so that they even have a particular word to indicate a special seasonal ham: *Joulukinkku* (literally "ham," *Kinkku*, "for Christmas," *Joulu*). Berlusconi insisted that such an agency should not be located "in a country which is probably very proud of its marinated reindeer or Baltic fish with polenta, but certainly can't compete with Parma, the symbol of good cuisine."

While nobody can dispute the richness and variety of the cooking traditions of Parma, the fact remains that a reindeer-based dish is common in Finland, though you would hardly find reindeer with polenta (corn pudding), since corn is not grown at such high latitudes and, therefore, is alien (though not unknown) to Finnish culture. In fact, the Finns could teach the Italians a thing or two about cuisine. For example, the Savo region in central Finland offers a fairly simple but rather tasty dish called *kalakukko* (from *kala*, "fish," and *kukko*, "cock"), which is a loaf of preferably homemade dark bread, filled with small fish and some bacon, and baked. When it is done, the bread is sliced and eaten, topped with butter. Or, if you want to enjoy a unique and delicious drink, find a machine called a *mehu-Majia* (from *mehu*, "juice," and Majia, a woman's name), which is a large double-boiler containing several kilos of fruit or berries that are liquefied by the steam from the boiling water below, producing a highly concentrated juice that can be diluted in water for a tasty soft drink.

Finnish lessons could extend to other areas. Whereas Italy has worked diligently for many years to marginalize Latin, Cicero's language is increasingly popular in Finland, where you can even find a radio broadcast in Latin. Until recently, if you wanted to study medicine, Latin was a compulsory subject. Moreover, according to a Reuters report (December 4, 2001), Finnish students scored the highest in an OECD study that measured the performance of 15-year-olds in reading, math, and science. Though Catholics are but a small minority and no Latin Mass is officially celebrated, the Finnish branch of Una Voce (dedicated to the worldwide promotion of the old Roman Catholic rite in Latin) is one of the fastest growing in the world. (Finnish Una Voce president Anneli Hokkanen was recently interviewed at length in the *Helsingin Sanomat*.)

And last, but not least, in late June, Ansa reported from Paris that the Berlin-based Transparency International, an anticorruption organization, gave Finland a top rating on its annual Corruption Perceptions Index (9.9 points out of 10), while Italy, though she had made some progress, was still 29th out of 91 nations surveyed, with a rating of 5.5.

Berlusconi's reaction might have been less emotional and better received had he questioned the very idea of Finns checking Italian food (and *vice versa*) or challenged the notion of one single authority over all E.U. food, in the same way that he has resisted the E.U. single arrest-warrant drive. On this score, Berlusconi is by no means alone. I was in Brussels during the Laeken Summit to cover "The Future of Europe—Democracy in Danger," a counterconference in the E.U. Parliament organized by the SOS Democracy group and chaired by Danish MEP Jens Peter Bonde of the group Europe of Democracies and Diversities. There, MEPs of the most varied persuasions, representatives of E.U.-critical NGOs, and the leaders of other organizations from around Europe voiced their intention to oppose the proposed arrest warrant. As a result, a group of MEPs, including leftist Daniel Cohn-Bendit, collected enough signatures from among their colleagues to postpone the vote on the warrants. "Because this is a vital matter to all Europeans," they contended, "we need to prepare the case properly in the committee and not just rush things through."

Of course, Cohn-Bendit may have a personal interest in opposing an E.U.-wide arrest warrant, since it may apply retroactively. As readers of *Chronicles* know (see "Italy's Child-Abuse Lobby," *Vital Signs*, September 2002), Cohn-Bendit has been the focus of heavy scrutiny since releasing a book about the "erotic nature of his contacts with children at an alternative kindergarten in Frankfurt." Prosciutto and pedophilia make strange bedfellows—anywhere but in the European Union.

Alberto Carosa is the editor of Famiglia Domani Flash, *a pro-family newsletter published in Rome.*

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by Srdja Trifkovic

Turkey Goes Islamic

On November 3, Islam triumphed politically in Turkey, rendering the entire U.S. strategy in the Middle East tenuous and causing dismay in Europe. Recep Tayyip Erdogan, barred from public office for Islamic agitation, led his Justice and Development Party (AKP) to a landslide victory over his secularist opponents in NATO's only Muslim nation. Muslims will control over two thirds of the seats in Turkey's parliament, but Erdogan will not be able to lead the government for now, as he is still banned from holding office. He proudly proclaimed—before reinventing himself as a "post-Islamist" democrat—that "the mosques are our barracks, the domes our helmets, the minarets our bayonets and the faithful our soldiers."

The forces supported by Turkey's Westernized elites have been routed. All three parties in the ruling coalition failed to gain parliamentary representation. But in his pitch to the West, Mr. Erdogan minimized his party's Islamic connections by stressing his "reformist" and "democratic" credentials. As Lebanon's *Daily Star* commented, Erdogan and his followers decided to pursue a strategy designed to fight the regime from within:

> Erdogan . . . decided to avoid referring to Islam at all. In fact, the AKP leader has stated publicly that the issue of women's veils does not even figure on his list of priorities . . . Erdogan has been playing the game to perfection. He has given the impression of being a realistic, moderate and accessible politician. He has also been careful not to be associated with any statements that could land him in trouble.

This game is now being played by the Turkish press, which expressed confidence that an enfeebled Europe and an irreversibly Turkophile America will accept Erdogan's pretenses. Thus Hadi Uluengin commented, in *Hurriyet* (November 7), that "the AKP has an enormous chance because its government is going to take charge with significant support from the Western, Christian if you will, world":

> The Copenhagen EU summit is likely to set a date for Turkey to join the Union unless AKP makes a crucial mistake. The EU, contrary to common opinion, will not pursue a completely negative attitude against the AKP. On the contrary, Turkey will be treated with more care because it might serve as an alternative model to the conflict of civilizations. Therefore, the results . . . provide a historic chance to the AKP which could benefit both Turkey and all of humanity.

A day earlier, Fatih Altayli complained in the same paper that, because of the party's Islamic origins, some people still cling to "certain pre-conceived ideas or judgments about the AKP and its leader":

> Turkey should get rid of this spirit particularly now as the country is going toward a new era. Otherwise, the members of the AKP will feel themselves "different" and "alienated" while they are about to start ruling the country. What matters is that Turkey deserves to have good rulers, not necessarily the people whose lifestyles are the same as mine.

Semih Idiz predicted in *Aksam*, on the day of Erdogan's triumph, that the West simply cannot let Turkey sink economically like Argentina:

> Turkey's importance has dramatically increased following the events of September 11. For the West, the Turkish example is a welcome contrast to the Huntington-model, i.e. a clash of civilizations . . .

Writing in *Milliyet*, a popular daily, Yasemin Congar asserted that "US officials working on the Turkey desk do not see the AKP's Islamic leaning as a negative factor" since "they believe that close cooperation between the US administration and a Muslim-democratic Turkish government might give a reassuring message to the rest of the world."

Some Europeans are not so sure. One writer in London's *Guardian* expressed fear that the AKP may move to "unpick Ataturk's legacy" and thus provoke a familiar and losing confrontation with the armed forces. The *Financial Times* cautioned that much is riding on whether "the AKP is what it says it is: a conservative but modern party of Muslim Democrats." In France, Bruno Frappat wrote in *La Croix*,

> If the new government can prove that Islam and modernity are compatible and guarantee Turkey's civil liberties, if its claims of 'moderation' are sincere, we could be facing a truly historic moment. This would mean that a political Islam separate from totalitarianism can exist on this earth. If this dream scenario became reality it would greatly serve democracy, Europe and Islam.

France Inter Radio admitted that Europe is worried, "and the reason . . . is because Turkey is a Moslem nation." Patrick Sabatier opined in *Libération* that the election results will not make the decision on whether to grant Turkey E.U. membership any easier:

> It is legitimate to have some reservations about the liberal, democratic and pro-European beliefs espoused by Turkey's Islamic 'moderates' . . . Their success is not so much due to their religious platform or their position on Turkey and Europe, but rather to the population's sanction vote against a political class which has been unable to resolve Turkey's economic crisis . . . In the months to come Turkey will become a chessboard where a high-risk game will be played out

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between the Islamists, who have never been stronger, and the army, which is the last rampart of protection for a democratic and secular nation.

In Germany, Rainer Hermann, writing in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine*, opined that "there is not much room for Islamist experiments":

> Many in the EU will want to wait and observe the AKP for a while, and yet Erdogan will not be content with the argument that Turkey simply does not belong to Europe geographically and culturally . . . Over the next few years, it must answer the question whether and under what circumstances Islam and democracy can be reconciled.

In Belgium, Luc Van der Kelen warned in *Het Laatste Nieuws* that Turkey is now in the hands of a man who says that he has abandoned fundamentalism but who praised Iran and Qaddafi as recently as five years ago: "The recipe is always the same: the old religious and nationalist values with promises of a better life. It is a lethal cocktail." In Spain, *La Razon* noted that Turkey is in a position comparable to that of Algeria when the military power annulled the electoral triumph of the fundamentalists. Conservative *ABC* added that

> the shock has been brutal, perhaps unacceptable for the powerful military and political strata; Parliament has been emptied of parties and Muslims alone monopolize all the strings of power for the first time in eighty years.

Il Giornale's Washington correspondent, Alberto Pasolini Zanelli, warned the Italian public that, "so far, nobody has ever seen a party with Islamic and democratic roots." *La Repubblica* expressed hope that Erdogan will not "throw off his mask and impose an Islamic state, confident of the fact that he controls two-thirds of Parliament, allowing him to modify the Constitution." The paper's Ankara correspondent, Marco Ansaldo, did not provide a reassuring appraisal:

> Turkey is falling into the hands of the Muslims . . . casting serious doubts over Ankara's future dependability not only within the Atlantic Alliance, but also in the United States, in Europe and at the International Monetary Fund, which is helping the country emerge from financial disaster.

In the same paper, Guido Rampoldi noted that

> [the Turkish election] result ridicules the Bush Administration's theory that the war on Saddam would set off a domino-effect in the Middle East: once the Iraqi dictator has been eliminated, neighboring countries would instantly transform themselves into enthusiastic imitators of Western democracies. Even the most European of Muslim nations, Turkey, has now told us that Islamism is better equipped than its political rivals to exploit the crisis of the old world order.

In Moscow, assessments were even more gloomy. When the election result became known, Maksim Yusin commented on page one of *Izvestiya*:

> the radicals in Islamic countries have gained considerably since 9/11, with the secularists and moderates yielding ground . . . The U.S. Administration faces a hard choice. It must find a way to deal with the weird, unpredictable and potentially dangerous people who are now in control and try to persuade them to go by the rules and not to challenge the only surviving superpower, or it may attempt to destabilize Erdogan, hoping that the military . . . might help . . .

A similar theme was developed by Sergey Strokan in the reformist, business-oriented magazine *Kommersant*:

> For all their breast-beating, the Islamic politicians will not succeed in assuaging the West's fears by swearing that they have no plans to install the power of mullahs and Sharia in secular democratic Turkey. Today it is hard to believe that Islamists, as they don sheepskins and pose as respectable Western democrats, do not have a "secret agenda" or a fallback plan.

In Israel, *Hatzofe* predicted that Turkey's new Islamic government will "introduce certain changes, meaningless at first, in order to prepare a gradual Islamization of Turkey."

There is little doubt that this is indeed Erdogan's long-term plan. Those who are acquainted with Islamic teaching will understand that he is practicing "*takkiye*" — the ruse that allows a believer to lie about his religion if he is weak or threatened. The ruse is working, mainly because Turkey's political elite is as deracinated as it was in Ataturk's times. Eight decades after the proclamation of the republic, Turkey remains primarily defined by the fact that it is a Muslim country. The tension between modernization dictated from above and Muslim resistance from below remains unresolved. It is structurally similar to the strain that proved fatal to the shah of Iran in 1979. The dream of secularism has never penetrated beyond the military, a narrow stratum of urban elite centered in Istanbul, and the bureaucrats in Ankara.

The Bush administration needs to reassess its policy. The "democratization" of Turkey means Islamicization, and America needs alternative scenarios and regional strategies. This approach calls for a long-term rapprochement with Russia, which could provide an alternative access route to the Caspian oil fields if and when Turkey formally becomes an Islamic republic. The administration should also make it clear that Erdogan cannot have it both ways: an Islamic regime is incompatible with Europe, NATO, and American values. Reasserting evenhandedness in Greco-Turkish disputes is the next step, centered on the demand for the evacuation of Turkish troops from northern Cyprus, leading to a permanent political solution that may entail the island's partition on the basis of its pre-1974 ethnic map. Washington should also encourage a comprehensive settlement of the Kurdish problem by political means, coupled with a clear determination that Turkey will no longer be supplied with U.S. armaments for use against Kurdish civilians.

These are tough choices, and there will be resistance to some or all of those policies from Turkey's friends on Capitol Hill and in the Bush administration; without informed debate on the implications of Turkey's election outcome, however, America will be doomed to repeat her Iranian experience.

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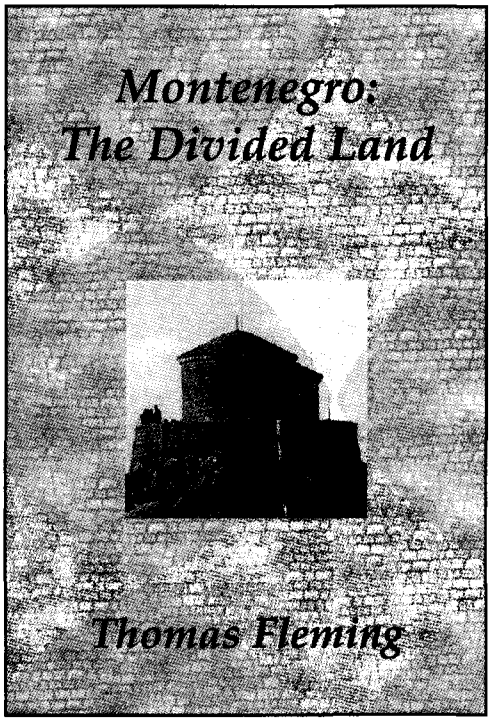
This Time, Be Prepared

The Serb land of Montenegro is once again at the crossroads of history. The blood-soaked mountains and dramatic coastline of this small land have been fought over by Illyrians, Macedonians, Romans, Byzantines, Turks, and Venetians, and, in the 20th century, by the armies of Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Germany. In World War II, Montenegro lost more men, per capita, than any nation of Europe, and now it is the latest target of the so-called international community, which has tried to create a phony separatist movement (complete with a bogus national church) to continue the disastrous policies that have involved the United States in wars over Bosnia and Kosovo.

Thomas Fleming has written the first well-researched history of Montenegro in the English language, taking the story from ancient times all the way up to the current crisis over separation from Serbia. This is no dry academic tome but a lively account of a brave people whose brave history rivals the tales of Leonidas and his Spartans at Thermopylae.



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ECONOMICS

The End of Another Panacea

by Tony Ellison

Nineteen-ninety-one was an exhilarating year. The simultaneous collapse of the Soviet regime and the apartheid system in South Africa appeared an unexpected international bonanza for moral activists, both liberal and conservative. Outstanding accounts were miraculously settled. The gloomy predictions of trade and race wars were swept aside. Old verities were dusted off and promoted as brand-new discoveries. The globe was headed for a pacific era under the twin orders of the free market and democratic governance. It was the "end of ideology." A panacea was conceived in 1991, and globalization was born soon after.

Globalization's proponents oppose racism and sexism, uphold human and reproductive rights, espouse social justice, and urge diversity in the public and private sectors. Their ultimate goal is to form a borderless, dynamic, and prosperous *Pax Americana* by integrating economies and multicultural societies through international agencies and corporations, over all of which they will preside.

The international institutions instructed their trained elites across the globe to forget the failures of their command-and-control economies and embrace the market. It was time to implement the Washington Consensus. Governments were instructed to reduce deficits, deregulate, privatize, and open up their economies to foreign trade and capital—for, it was preached, these measures would instill confidence in foreign investors, unleash the hitherto suppressed economic energies of the people, and initiate a reinforcing cycle of prosperity and stability.

The U.S. economy raced past its two-headed nemesis, a slumping Japan and a Germany straining at unification. Quickly finding its stride, the United States brought the nascent North American customs union into being. High consumer spending resulted in rising imports and higher trade deficits balanced by surplus-earning exporters investing in private and U.S.-government assets. The booming U.S. economy sucked in investment funds. The dollar appreciated, and the liquidity of the financial markets facilitated innovative and productive investments.

The corporate elite maximized shareholder value through aggressive cost-cutting. Companies downsized and transferred production to emerging markets. They gorged on the seemingly ever-rising value of their stock options. The Asian tigers roared, powered by their exports to North America and Europe. Globalization was working.

And then, suddenly, it wasn't.

In 1995, the IMF and the U.S. Treasury bailed out the banks and financial institutions that had made loans to Mexican institutions. Mexican taxpayers were left with a bill of $71 billion.

Two years later, the seven Asian-tiger economies were caught in a financial vise as their direct-investment flows dried up, their debts and interest payments soared, and their exchange rates wilted.

A year later, Russia had defaulted on her loans and devalued the ruble.

Four years later, the Argentinian government defaulted, unpegged the peso from the dollar, and watched it plunge.

In March 2000, the U.S. stock-market bubble burst, caused, in part, by overinvestment in new technology and the telecommunications sector.

Following the terrorist attacks on September 11, 2001, consumer spending fell sharply. Earning forecasts dropped, as did stock prices. All Group of Seven economies entered a recession.

Then Enron, the seventh-largest corporation in the United States, crashed into bankruptcy at the end of 2001.

Today, across the globe, from Johannesburg to Istanbul, from Buenos Aires to Jakarta, the once-promising emerging markets of a decade ago are sinking under the weight of despondency. Instead of enjoying reinforcing growth and development, capital and skilled labor are fleeing, and unemployment is soaring along with crime, corruption, and violence.

Why is this so?

Globalization's apologists answer that the problems stem not from a failure of the market, nor from the weakness of the international financial architecture, but from the failure of these particular countries to establish the conditions necessary for a successful market.

The monetary framework recommended by the IMF and the U.S. Treasury has two pillars: fixed exchange rates and currency convertibility for capital transactions. These pillars, goes the argument, contain inflation and engender confidence among investors. There are two snags, however. A country's central bank must relinquish independent monetary policies and impose deflation, recession, and unemployment on its economy in order to maintain fixed exchange rates.

Not unexpectedly, these unpopular policies have been eschewed by politicians. The Asian tigers pursued domestic monetary policies that favored growth over the maintenance of a fixed exchange rate. They drew on their dollar reserves or on loans from abroad to finance their deficits. Without economic discipline, their fundamentals grew more incongruent with their pegged exchange rates. The drastic devaluations revealed the extent of the distortions.

In 1991, President Carlos Menem of Argentina stated his determination to control hyperinflation. The Central Bank was instructed only to print pesos when it had dollars to back them on a one-to-one basis. Hyperinflation was slain, and this dollar-peso peg anchored a run of impressive growth that only started to slow at the end of the decade. But then the fatal weakness in the Argentine economy emerged. The provincial governments had been unable to contain their spending, and now the Central Bank was not permitted to print money to cover the growing deficits. By the middle of 2001, Argentina ran out of credit and was at the mercy of the IMF. In return for IMF loans, the government had to cut the deficits. Incomes and tax revenues contracted while deficits expanded. Argentina's federal government quit sending tax monies to the provinces. Unemployment and bankruptcies rose steeply. In December 2001, bloody riots were followed by the resignation of the president and default on foreign debt.

Other factors worsened the incongruities and led to the damaging volatilities that appeared around the world. The

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Asian economies, for example, operated under a form of crony capitalism. Opaque operations and weakened financial institutions contributed to the misallocation of resources and the flight of capital. Argentina failed to introduce strict banking, anticorruption measures, and market regulation. As a result, there were no checks and balances on the market.

Russia's "market shock-therapy strategy" proved to be fatally flawed. There was no legal structure to facilitate the exchange of property and assets through market transactions. Bankruptcy laws were ineffective. Direct foreign investment faltered. Debts could not be serviced as the government failed to introduce an effective fiscal regime. All the while, ruthless oligarchs grabbed and traded the country's valuable extractable resources. The export of these riches was facilitated by the convertible-exchange-rate system. The IMF and the U.S. Treasury had not transformed Russia's economy but had helped transfer most of Russia's mobile wealth out of the country.

This same doleful scenario is being played out in South Africa, as skilled people and capital flee the country, leaving in their wake rising unemployment, social breakdown, and a steeply depreciating currency. These disturbing outcomes, however, cannot be blamed on the failure to establish the necessary conditions for the market to work a transformation. South Africa's liberation leaders were wired to the Soviet, not to the American, elite. In 1991, they warned South Africans that, although socialism had failed elsewhere, it would be built correctly for the first time in South Africa. The socialist ideologues, amply assisted by left-liberal Western collaborators, created an impossibly utopian constitution whose objective was the wholesale redistribution of wealth and opportunity—affirmative action taken to the limits of folly. The results are that wealth and its possessors, as elsewhere in Africa, have fled. Rather than launching a free, equitable democracy, the new South Africa has slid violently into one-party rule, increasing minority exclusiveness, and economic regression. South Africa today resembles the failed utopian experiments of European idealists in North America in the 18th and 19th centuries: economically unworkable, regressive, and steeped in corruption.

South Africa was unlike the Asian tigers, Russia, or Argentina in that she did not attempt to maintain a fixed exchange rate. She did, however, share one policy with the other emerging markets. The Reserve Bank of South Africa permitted, with only limited restrictions, currency convertibility for capital transactions. The IMF and the U.S. Treasury promoted this measure, arguing that widespread currency convertibility would bring forth a convergence of real interest rates, an efficient allocation of investment funds, and an increase in productivity and output across the globe.

This felicitous outcome may well be attained, but only in the long run. The evidence suggests that short-term lending has actually magnified booms and busts. Moreover, even such advanced economies as that of the United Kingdom have been unable to maintain fixed exchange rates while permitting currency convertibility for capital transactions.

Yet the IMF and the U.S. Treasury have made no move to constrain currency convertibility for capital transactions but have spent billions in a futile quest to sustain the exchange rates of the Asian currencies, the peso, the ruble, and the Turkish lira. Malaysia's response (and she is not alone) has been to accuse the two institutions of favoring the interests of American and international financiers over those of the emerging markets. And Malaysia has joined India and China in introducing controls on capital flows.

The emerging markets have also come to realize the adjustment costs of their "dollar standard" exchange system. As under the gold standard, financial oscillations have resulted in wrenching dislocations. Workers and domestic markets are expected to respond to lower prices by producing more at lower wages. The resistance of unions to the downward pressure on wages results in a ruinous rise in unemployment, which, in turn, places immense pressure on the political system.

Unions are not the only source of inflexibility. In South Africa, rigidly imposed racial quotas have been enforced at the expense of merit. Hence, as the currency relentlessly depreciates, corporations are unable to respond by raising their workers' productivity. Instead, they resort to laying off more workers in an attempt to lower costs.

In other cases, the IMF and the World Bank have tried to enforce economic flexibility. The lending institutions have insisted that the borrower adopt policy reforms that are backed by some form of consensus. In effect, this has meant bargaining with, and later supporting, governments and elites whose interests do not necessarily coincide with the national interest. Structural reforms have rarely been implemented.

As a consequence, economies have not been transformed. The impacts of greater trade and inward flows of investment have frequently been blunted by widespread graft, corruption, and misallocation of resources. There is a salutary lesson here. The market builders are left with the same excuse as the state-building socialists: "The market has not failed," they claim. "It has not been tried."

Tried or not, the economic demise of Argentina imperils its democracy and retards the advance of market and democratic reform elsewhere on the continent. As the failures in Africa and Asia also attest, globalization has not been the promised land but a wonderfully malleable concept from which the elite have selected a set of values that served to unite disparate interests across the political spectrum. At the same time, this soft packaging of politically correct values and objectives has camouflaged the elite's primary objective: to unleash multinational corporations into the liberated international field of trade, finance, transportation, communications, and telecommunications with the aim of making the elite rich. Elites of the emerging-market countries were promised that they, too, would become rich.

Now that the camouflage has been removed, however, early supporters of globalization have turned into opponents. In some emerging markets, there is a discernible shift toward autarky. International organizations are being urged to consider alternative strategies to the vaunted Washington Consensus. While change may result from these sources, the most significant shift would come from a rollback in the liberated global regulatory regimes through which the multinational corporations operate. A return to restrictions on international capital flows, on trade and investment in strategically important sectors, would have considerable effect.

Anthony P. Ellison is the author of Entrepreneurs and the Transformation of the Global Economy *(Edward Elgar).*

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TECHNOLOGY

The Slippery Slope of Safety

by B.K. Eakman

Keeping up with technology is tricky. Sometimes, you find information in a press release; other times, you ascertain the full measure of what is going on through obscure legal and scientific papers, last-minute legislative "riders," and seemingly inconsequential blurbs in the foreign press. Even as my piece on implantable identification tags was going to press ("Implanted IDs: Click Here!" *Vital Signs*, October 2002), rumors were emerging from Great Britain.

Applied Digital Solution's primary human guinea pig and proselytizer, cybernetics researcher Kevin Warwick of the United Kingdom's Reading University, fell into hot water. Electronics expert Bernard Albrecht called the General Medical Council, various social-service agencies, two district councils, and eventually the police to file assault charges against Warwick for conducting unethical medical and surgical procedures on volunteers. His favorite targets were the children of parents seeking peace of mind, for reasons of health or security.

When the authorities failed to bring charges, Albrecht appealed to the university's guidelines on research, alleging misrepresentation of a technological device. In the ensuing uproar, the press dubbed Professor Warwick "Captain Cyborg." None of the charges against Warwick have yet been pursued.

A plethora of details emerged that revealed a great deal more about the stake that various corporations—and government—have in making human monitoring and tracking succeed. In addition, there are clearly aspects of ADS's "research initiative" that have yet to be revealed to the public.

In at least one of its products, ADS was rumored to have rigged something that required neither a ground-based network nor triangulation and to have reduced cell-phone components to such a size that they could be implanted under the skin or in muscle tissue. The point of the journalists crying "fraud" was to force an explanation.

The answer came in the form of sales. Dr. Peter Zhou, the chief scientist who developed the ADS implant and president of *DigitalAngel.net*, an ADS subsidiary, boasted: "Your doctor will know [about a health] problem before you do. . . . We have received requests daily from around the world for the product." One interested party was the U.S. Department of Defense, which apparently made inquiries through a contractor.

Journalists, commentators, and lawyers began to uncover fascinating projects, all incorporating aspects of people-tracking and monitoring, including the use of the jawbone as an antenna and the adaptation of a silicone gel as a protective covering for implants and as an injection-delivery agent.

They also noted developments in "nanotechnology," the integration of microelectronics and molecular biology to create organic systems capable of "breeding" complex solutions to problems. The Clinton administration provided $227 million in fiscal year 2001 alone for research under the National Nanotechnology Initiative.

Journalists also reported on the development of a smorgasbord of implantable and external monitoring/tracking gear already, or nearly, on the market, including "the Babysitter," a jelly-bean-sized microchip implant that is placed under a child's collar bone so parents can track his location; "the Constant Companion," a tracking device for senior citizens; and "the Invisible Bodyguard," to protect you from kidnappers when you are out of town. The "Micro-Manager," the "Personal Private Eye," the "Maximum Security Guard," and the "Border Patroller" require no explanation. Then there is the coming "decoder ring," an implant placed in the human eye that is read by a retinal scanner, and the "genegg," designed for implantation in the belly button.

The rationalizations offered for these invasive products are even more fascinating than the technology itself. Tom Turner, senior vice president of marketing and business development for WhereNet, believes the benefits to "a parent looking for a child at a theme park" or to "a student [needing to feel] safe as he walks across campus far outweigh privacy" and abuse concerns. WhereNet has already licensed its technology to companies that make pager-like devices worn as bracelets or carried in a pocket or purse. Customers include a water park in Denver and the Universities of South Florida (Tampa) and South Alabama (Mobile). Turner's target markets include cruise ships, gated communities, and shopping malls.

Brendan Fitzgerald, the president of Microgistics (which makes WalkMate, a device used by college students to contact campus police), argues that, "If you were working in a hazardous industrial environment, you would want to know that you could push a button and have someone help you if you need help."

"Safety First" is a slogan that is difficult to argue with. But carrying a panic button is considerably different from "transparent surveillance." As pacemakers, artificial knees and hips, and implants (temporary and permanent) for the delivery of pain medications and other drugs become more common, many Americans increasingly view ID implants as similar advances. Just as automated, multitechnology readers like smart cards claim to offer freedom from toll booths and long lines, Digital Angel and similar implant devices promise peace of mind. "Ideally," the ADS patent states, "the device will bring . . . an increased quality of life for those who use it, and for their families, loved ones, and associates who depend on them critically."

In an interview with *WorldNet Daily* two years ago, Dr. Zhou dismissed religious and ethical objections to implant research.

> I am a Christian, but . . . the purpose of the device is to save your life and improve the quality of life. There's no connection to the Bible. There are different interpretations of the Bible. My interpretation is, anything to improve the quality of life is from God. The Bible says, "I am the God of living people." We not only live, we live well.

ADS has sunk millions into the Digital Angel project and understandably does not want bad press now. Zhou explained that, just like the cell phone, Digital Angel

> will be a connection from yourself to the electronic world. It will be your guardian, protector. It will bring good things to you. . . . We will be a hybrid of electronic intelligence and our own soul.

Which brings us to the real question: Who will be able to demand that a chip be implanted in another person? Parents? The criminal-justice system? Im-

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migration authorities? Employers?

Katharine Mieszkowski, in an article entitled "Microchip Children" in the November 2000 issue of *Salon*, states the obvious: "The potential for abuse is so ludicrously high that it's almost impossible to overstate." She cites George Getz, communications director for the Libertarian Party, who noted that:

> No government has ever forced anyone to have a drivers license, [but now] try getting along without one, when everyone from your local banker to the car rental man to the hotel operator to the grocery store requires one in order for you to take advantage of their services; that amounts to a de facto mandate. If the government can force you to surrender your fingerprints to get a drivers license, why can't it force you to get a computer chip implant?

ADS opened the floodgates when it acquired, as part of its patent rights to Digital Angel in 1999, the right to sublicense the development of specific applications to other entities and to seek out joint-venture partners to develop, expand, and market the technologies. This changed the original focus of Digital Angel from banking and electronic purchases to emergency-location and medical monitoring. ADS's "joint venture" with Professor Warwick moved the device into the realm of tracking and monitoring employees, criminals, and whomever else might be deemed in need of monitoring. ADS anticipates a "potential global market . . . exceeding $100 billion." ADS even received a special "Technology Pioneers" award from the World Economic Forum for its contributions to "worldwide economic development and social progress through technology advancements."

Mieszkowski also quotes Chris Hables-Gray, a professor, self-proclaimed "cyborgologist," and the author of *Cyborg Citizen*, who observes that "Technology is continually trumping [our] constitutional guarantees." He calls for legal protections against the misuse of chips before they become commercially available:

> Citizens could ask for a law that makes it a crime to put these into a person without their [*sic*] permission, and to forbid, under any conditions, the government to put these into . . . citizens. . . . [W]e do not have to accept every new technology.

Increasingly, however, we simply accept new technologies by default. Scientists, inventors, and investors can scarcely resist the temptation to push the boundaries of possibility—often, of course, with the best of intentions. Understandably, men desire technologies that will save time or improve quality of life. But knowledge, once obtained, cannot simply be unlearned—a lesson as old as Adam and Eve.

B.K. Eakman, a former teacher and the executive director of the National Education Consortium, is the author of Cloning of the American Mind: Eradicating Morality Through Education *(Huntington House). Her website is* www.BeverlyE.com.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Lincoln's Legacy: Foreign Policy by Assassination

by Joseph E. Fallon

"Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." For proof of this axiom, we need only look at the foreign policy pursued by the U.S. government since the end of World War II.

The United States emerged from World War II militarily victorious but politically deformed. Instead of a republic, it was now a superpower with military and economic capabilities previously unimagined. In place of a constitutional government of limited powers and official accountability was a national-security regime of executive orders, the CIA, and plausible deniability. Instead of "no entangling alliances," the U.S. government not only entered such alliances but created and fostered them—the Organization of American States (OAS) in 1948, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) in 1949, the Southeast Asian Treaty Organization (SEATO) in 1954, and the Central Treaty Organization (CENTO), originally known as the Middle East Treaty Organization, in 1955. Instead of respecting the sovereignty of other nations, Washington subscribed to the messianic ideology of American Exceptionalism, the belief that the United States is politically and morally superior to other countries and, therefore, entitled to intervene in their domestic affairs.

Such vast powers exercised as a moral imperative unencumbered by constitutional restraints were intoxicating to American politicians and to their corporate sponsors, who quickly sought to exploit them in the ensuing Cold War with the Soviet Union to impose their preferences and prejudices upon the rest of the world.

Arguably, not since the Lincoln regime had the federal government usurped so much power or imbibed such a messianic doctrine. This shaped its foreign policy, which occasionally has been conducted less by diplomacy than by selective political assassinations. Here, again, Lincoln provided a precedent.

By February 1864, Lincoln's attempt to defeat the Confederacy—first, by starving and bombarding Southern civilians and, later, by striving to foment a race war in the South—had failed. With antiwar sentiment growing and a presidential election looming in November, Lincoln desperately needed a major military victory. To that end, he authorized a cavalry raid on Richmond, Virginia, the capital of the Confederacy.

Led by Brig. Gen. Hugh Judson Kilpatrick, the raid's ostensible goal was to rescue 1,500 Union officers incarcerated in Richmond and another 10,000 rank-and-file soldiers imprisoned on nearby Belle Isle. Taking part in this raid was Col. Ulric Dahlgren, son of Lincoln's close friend Rear Adm. John Dahlgren.

The raid, which began as a comedy of errors, ended as a military fiasco. Among those killed by Confederate defenders was Colonel Dahlgren, on whose body was found an order describing the true purpose of the raid—"the city [Richmond] must be destroyed and Jeff Davis and cabinet killed." (While supporters of Lincoln, past and present, have naturally attempted to dismiss the Dahlgren order as a Confederate forgery, the investigations of historian Stephen Sears, author of *Controversies & Commanders: Dispatches From the Army of the Potomac* (Houghton Mifflin) suggest that the document is authentic.)

Such an act would be entirely consistent with how Lincoln waged his war against the South. It is more than likely that an increasingly desperate and despondent Lincoln sought his reelection in the political assassination of his Confederate counterpart.

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The precedent Lincoln established was adopted by the U.S. government during the Cold War. Executing political assassinations is the responsibility of the CIA under the supervision of an oversight committee called the Special Group, located in the Old Executive Office Building.

The permanent members of the Special Group—the national security advisor, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the deputy secretary of defense, the undersecretary of state for political affairs, and the director of central intelligence—underscore the fact that political assassinations are foreign-policy directives, not operations by rogue agents. To ensure plausible deniability, the CIA often employs citizens of the targeted regime, frequently military officers, to perform the actual assassinations.

There are two types of political assassinations. One is the classic assassination of a head of state or a charismatic political leader Washington considers a threat to American interests. There is a long list of those whom the U.S. government allegedly has assassinated or planned to: Allende of Chile; Caamano of the Dominican Republic; Castro of Cuba; Cho En-lai of China; De Gaulle of France; d'Escoto of Nicaragua; Diem of South Vietnam; Dlimi of Morocco; Duvalier of Haiti; Fadlallah of Lebanon; Figueres of Costa Rica; Guevara of Cuba; Hussein of Iraq; Kassem of Iraq; Khadaffi of Libya; Kim Il Sung of North Korea; Khomeini of Iran; Kim Koo of South Korea; Lumumba of the Congo; Makarios of Cyprus; Manley of Jamaica; Milosevic of Yugoslavia; Mossadegh of Iran; Mujibur of Bangladesh; Nasser of Egypt; Nehru of India; Noriega of Panama; Recto of the Philippines; Schneider of Chile; Sihanouk of Cambodia; Sukarno of Indonesia; Torres of Bolivia; Torrijos of Panama; Trujillo of the Dominican Republic; and a number of political figures in West Germany.

The other type of political assassination is collective assassination. These are reigns of terror in which thousands presumed to be a threat to American interests are killed or "disappear." Two of the earliest and most notorious examples occurred in Southeast Asia in the 1960's and 70's.

After the Communist Party of Indonesia allegedly attempted a *coup d'etat* in 1965, the CIA provided the Indonesian military with a list of names of "communist" leaders and sympathizers to be assassinated. When it was over, between 250,000 and one million people had been killed.

Two years later, the CIA established the "Phoenix Program" in South Vietnam. Devised to neutralize local support for the Viet Cong, this program resulted in the deaths or kidnappings of between 20,000 and 80,000 South Vietnamese.

In 1976, a belated and ultimately futile attempt was made to end foreign policy by assassination. As a result of the 1975 Senate investigation into covert operations by the CIA and the subsequent public outcry over the Senate's findings, President Gerald R. Ford signed an executive order prohibiting future political assassinations by the U.S. government.

Even though Presidents Carter and Reagan reaffirmed this prohibition in subsequent executive orders, by the end of the 1970's, Washington was sponsoring assassinations once again with "Operation Condor" in South America. Unlike with the Phoenix Program, the CIA did not directly administer Operation Condor, although the U.S. government did provide needed intelligence and funds. The operation covered most of the continent—in particular, Argentina, Brazil, and Chile—and was a transnational undertaking, whereby the military regimes of South America collaborated to kidnap or kill their respective opponents living in exile. Its geographic scope extended well beyond South America, reaching Italy and, eventually, the United States, where Orlando Letelier, the former Chilean foreign minister to the assassinated Allende, was assassinated in downtown Washington, D.C.

The success of Operation Condor in countering Soviet influence in South America ensured the subsequent application of this foreign-policy "model" to Central America during the 1980's.

A few years later, the Cold War had ended—and, with it, the justification given by Washington for conducting foreign policy by assassination. But the assassinations continued. Victory in the Cold War had only bolstered America's messianic complex. Washington no longer simply claimed a moral right to intervene in the domestic affairs of other countries. In the New World Order, it now asserted a right to "benevolent global hegemony."

The United States proceeded to exercise this "benevolence" in Bosnia, Haiti, Iraq, Kosovo, and Somalia with assassinations, individual and collective. While the executive orders prohibiting the U.S. government from engaging in assassinations never prevented Washington from commissioning them, they did impose some restraint because of the fear of exposure and censure. Whatever restraint existed, however, perished with the victims in the September 11 terrorist attacks.

Now, there are calls for the ban to be repealed. To win the "War on Terrorism," some argue, the U.S. government must officially adopt assassination as the law of the land. Assassination is no longer to be denied, but demanded. No longer should it be the exception, but the rule. Not the last resort, but the first. Under such a law, the rule of law itself will be assassinated. The accused is presumed guilty. Hearsay replaces evidence; torture replaces interrogation; and assassination replaces the need for a trial.

However emotionally satisfying this might be for Washington and even for the American public, such a policy will have unintended consequences—what the CIA calls "blowback." It will destabilize the United States and its New World Order, by proliferating further political assassinations. Washington's assassination of foreign "terrorists" will provoke the assassination of Americans in retaliation, while other governments will seize the opportunity to assassinate political opponents by branding them "terrorists." The consequences will be more wars, harsher dictatorships, and international turmoil.

There will be repercussions for American citizens as well, since Washington arbitrarily decides who is a "terrorist" and what constitutes "support" for terrorism. For instance, Al Qaeda is a terrorist organization, but the Al Qaeda-supported Kosovo Liberation Army is not. Ending sanctions on Iraq is "support" for terrorism; arming Indonesia is not.

If the U.S. government can assassinate foreign opponents by demonizing them as "terrorists" or supporters of terrorism, what is to prevent Washington from employing this tactic against domestic opponents? Waco and Ruby Ridge have already proved that Washington is capable of assassinating U.S. citizens. Constitutional rights are under attack, and political dissent is being denounced as "treason," while the U.S. government actively fosters paranoia that our fellow citizens are clandestine terrorists.

The process Lincoln began is now complete. The United States is no longer a republic but an empire, abroad and at home. The fate of past empires from Athens to the Soviet Union should be

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a warning. Absolute power does more than corrupt absolutely; absolute power ultimately destroys the very government that wields it.

Joseph E. Fallon writes from Rye, New York.

THE OLD REPUBLIC

Finding the Right State for States' Rights

by Sean Scallon

It seems ironic that a man identified with the cause of states' rights and the South's quest for self-determination attended a school in the heartland of Yankee centralism. Yet John C. Calhoun was Yale man, a graduate of the Congregationalist institution that formed part of the intellectual center of New England's eventual domination over the rest of America—something that Calhoun opposed and feared.

Another Yale graduate student, Jason P. Sorens, is trying to carry on Calhoun's work today, even if the Elis are loath to admit that Calhoun attended school in New Haven.

"My wife's a South Carolinian, and she grew up not too far from where Calhoun lived and worked," Sorens said. "From that, and my time here at Yale, and through my own views on states' rights, I'm quite aware of his legacy."

That legacy of states' rights and nullification is part of Sorens' Free State Project (FSP), a libertarian group that has a plan to put into action Calhoun's views on the states' need to act independently of the federal government in defense of their own interests. The FSP hopes to attract 20,000 or more liberty-loving people to join them and to agree to relocate to a single, small U.S. state in order to move that state's body politic toward the principles of a free society. The group was formed in the aftermath of the 2000 presidential election, as, once again, Libertarians were stuck in the mire of third-party politics.

"A column written by Walter Williams," Sorens recalled, "which talked about the possibilities of secession, influenced my thinking in this direction, as did a roundtable discussion in *Liberty Magazine* about what strategies the Libertarian Party should pursue. I talked to friends and also wrote an essay in the *Libertarian Enterprise*, which is an online Libertarian magazine, and got an excellent response." And that's how the FSP was founded.

There are currently 27,000 paid-up Libertarian Party activists, according to Sorens' figures, and he believes that they are potential recruits for the FSP. Sorens hopes they can form the activist cadre of an existing state Libertarian Party, or a new political organization, or act in coalition with other existing parties in whichever state they choose. The example of the Parti Québécois (PQ) is frequently cited on the FSP website, and Sorens estimates that the PQ had 100,000 paid members by 1976, when it won control of the provincial legislature. At that time, Quebec's population was 6.2 million, a ratio of one member for every 62 people. Applying the same mathematics to a state with a population of 1.2 million or less, and where the two major political parties spend less than four million dollars each for political campaigns at all levels, Sorens believes that his group could achieve the same results as the PQ.

Utopian? Naive? Mad? There are those who would think so. But is the dream of the FSP any more insane than Libertarians or Constitutionalists or Greens trying to elect a president, especially one who will likely be without congressional or state-office support? Is it any more insane than spending another year toiling in the political fields trying to cultivate another rich harvest of grassroots support just to elect an alderman? Is it more insane than "working within our two-party system?"

"Third parties don't work on a national scale," Sorens asserted. "Not just because the system is against them, but the culture is, too. If you look around the world, the parties and movements that are new and dynamic are the ones promoting regionalism, local culture, separatism, and autonomy."

And if you look back through American history, the idea of the FSP seems fairly sane after all. The migration of 20,000 or so activists into a small state pales in comparison to that of blacks from the South to Northern cities during the first half of the 20th century. It certainly would be on par with the migration of Mormons from Nauvoo, Illinois, to their desert kingdom in Utah, and at least on the level of recent political migrations of New York liberals to Vermont, which changed the political orientation of that state from cantankerous Yankee to Ben-and-Jerry hippie, or California conservatives to the Rocky Mountain states and Texas.

So what would the activists in the Free State Project do with their "freedom," if they were elected to public office in the state to which they had migrated? For starters, they would like to repeal state taxes and wasteful government programs. Then they would end collaboration between state and federal officials in enforcing unconstitutional federal laws. They would end asset forfeiture and abuses of eminent domain, privatize utilities, and revoke inefficient state regulations and monopolies. They would negotiate directly with the federal government for more autonomy, opting out of national programs in favor of tax rebates or block grants, as some provinces have done in other countries. And there's more.

"There should be no federal role in land ownership, and we would give federal lands back to states and local communities for more productive use," Sorens said. "We also would want to give Indian tribes living within our states full autonomy. Plus, we feel that states should exercise the right to control immigration. States that would want to have a large immigrant population should have the right to do so, and those that do not wish to should have the right to put up barriers."

Such autonomy, if attained, could go in fascinating directions. Take foreign policy, for example. A state that did not favor an undeclared war could prevent the members of its National Guard from taking part or prevent citizens from being conscripted unless war were declared by Congress. They could also reject treaties that undermined their economic, political, or cultural interests, especially those drawn up in the United Nations. They could negotiate trade agreements of their own with other provinces and states around the globe.

This kind of autonomy could catch on. If the foreign-policy experts and bureaucrats in the State Department, Pentagon, CIA, Congress, White House, and United Nations knew that an unpopular treaty, trade agreement, or military adventure would be opposed by several states, they might think twice. Such resistance could break the monopoly that the current establishment has on the foreign policy of this country and rein in the growing empire.

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Autonomy and the right of dissent from federal policy is as American as apple pie. The Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions forswore compliance with the Alien and Sedition Acts that Congress passed in 1798. It was upon these resolutions that Calhoun based his principle of nullification, explained in the South Carolina Exposition of 1828 and the Fort Hill Address of 1831. Calhoun was not a secessionist—nor is the FSP advocating secession. But both agree that states have the right to refuse compliance with policies drawn up in Washington that are ruinous to the interests of their people, and many Founding Fathers hoped that this refusal would be a check upon the growth of the federal government's power. While that check may have been removed after 1860, trying to restore it certainly cannot be a greater waste of time than trying to elect a representative, senator, or president in a system that has been bought and paid for.

Founded in the middle of 2001, the FSP has, as of December 2002, over 2,000 members. The disaster of September 11 and the wave of nationalist feeling put a crimp in its membership drive for a while. The group is using its website, *www.freestateproject.org*, and word of mouth to spark interest. It hopes to advertise in libertarian and other political and cultural publications, and members are trying to recruit at Libertarian Party conventions across the country.

"We've had good responses from some of the LP membership," Sorens said. "I think there are many Libertarians out there burned out with conventional politics. They're looking for something that has a chance to work. Others are just ignoring us or giving us a polite nod and looking the other way.

"There were definitely some effects from September 11 to the FSP. Some people who were interested dropped out. Some people called us traitors and sent us death threats. The rate of people signing up per day slowed for a while . . . but it began to pick up again in February [2002]. I think people are beginning to realize that not much in the country has changed except for the federal government trying to violate and take away our civil liberties in the name of our protection. And yet, as 9/11 showed, it could not and did not protect us from Al Qaeda and their extremists. So we are starting to gain members again. We would like to reach 5,000 members in three years, because that would be a tipping point to show to people that we're serious."

The mixed response from Libertarians has led the FSP to look outside the party for others who share their hopes and dreams for state and local autonomy. Anti-federal-government groups in the West, strict constitutionalist groups like the Constitution Party, and political and cultural autonomists and secessionists such as the League of the South could provide members and inspiration. New members get to choose the state in which they pledge to live. The FSP website contains economic and political data on several states with fewer than 1.2 million people. The list has been pared down, based on various criteria: Socialist voting preferences eliminate Vermont, Rhode Island, and Hawaii; heavy dependence upon government subsides and largess eliminates both North and South Dakota. That leaves the Western states of Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana; the Eastern states of New Hampshire and Delaware; and Alaska.

Sorens and the FSP seem aware that simply moving 20,000 people to a state that many of them may never even have visited and announcing, like Marlon Brando's motorcycle gang in *The Wild One*, that "We're taking over!" may not sit well with the locals who have lived there all of their lives. But so long as the FSP talks of "building a local culture of liberty," "appeals to a state's particularism and rights vis-à-vis the federal government," and supports autonomy for such local groups as Native American tribes, it is on the right track.

"We've stressed on our discussion websites how best to integrate ourselves into the community we will eventually choose. But we're not sure how that will really work out," Sorens admitted. "In Western states, we have to make contact with ranchers, farmers, and miners and talk about gun-rights issues, property rights, and the ownership of federal lands. In the East, we will have to take a small-business approach and stress the issue of taxes. Obviously, if we locate in the West and Alaska, it will be to our advantage because it's farther away from the central government, and that distance plays a role in issues of autonomy."

Alaska already has a secessionist movement, or at least the remnants of one: the Alaska Independence Party (AIP), which elected a governor, former interior secretary Walter Hickel, who served from 1990 to 1994. But Alaska or a Western state may present some problems for the FSP. While both might be fertile ground politically, they are less so economically, at least for Libertarians and FSP members, many of whom work in the high-tech and financial-service industries. Jobs in those areas are not exactly in great supply in the mostly rural and commodity-driven Western states and Alaska. Some FSP members have made it quite clear that they would prefer not to live in Alaska or Wyoming. That is why Delaware, the manor lawn of the DuPont family and home of the government-dependent credit-card industry, is still on the FSP's short list.

The FSP looks to the Parti Québécois as a model of a successful autonomist political party. Comparatively, however, the PQ had it easy. All it had to do was to rally one homogenous ethnic, religious, and linguistic group to its cause. Herding cats might prove easier than trying to build a coalition of libertarians, secessionists, constitutionalists, paleoconservatives, Greens, and classical liberals. And if that succeeds, trying to assimilate into a particular state's culture, making common cause with native political parties and interest groups, and building a cultural and economic base of support would be a task that would burden even a Bismarck.

"Education is going to be an important part of what we do," Sorens stressed. "Educating ourselves to the state that we choose to live in and educating the residents there as to what we stand for. We have to focus our attention on those who don't vote a lot or whose lives aren't taken up by politics. So much of our political debate is framed by elite opinion from pundits or experts or the media that it's hard for regular people not to follow along, because nobody wants to be part of, or examine closely, something that polls just one percent of the population or is portrayed as being on the 'fringe.'

"That's why having so many activists in one single place, working together for what we believe in, will make people not only take a look at us, but look at us again and again. It's that second and third look that we need."

Sean Scallon is a reporter who lives in East Ellsworth, Wisconsin.

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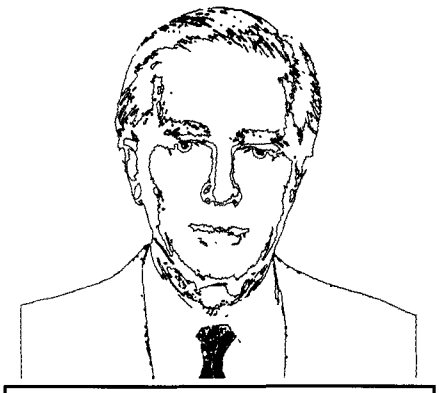
by George McCartney

Plymouth Rocked



Far From Heaven

Produced by Clear Blue Sky Productions
Written and Directed by Todd Haynes
Distributed by Focus Features and USA Films

Auto Focus

Produced by Propaganda Films
Directed by Paul Schrader
Screenplay by Michael Gerbosi from Robert Graysmith's book
Distributed by Sony Pictures Classics

Todd Haynes' *Far From Heaven* and Paul Schrader's *Auto Focus* would make a perfect double feature. They are two sides of the same dour coin. Each, in its own way, exhibits America's puritanical response to unruly sexual impulses. While *Far From Heaven* genteelly lectures us on the tortures of repressed libido in the 1950's, *Auto Focus* scolds the 1970's libertines who traded in their parents' inhibitions for a full-throttled pursuit of indiscriminate sex. Cole Porter got it right in "Anything Goes," when he blithely summed up the extremes of American moralism and licentiousness:

> Times have changed
> Since the Puritans got a shock
> When they landed on Plymouth Rock.
> If today
> Any shock they should try to stem
> 'Stead of landing on Plymouth Rock,
> Plymouth Rock would land on them.

Though Porter wrote this in 1934, his words apply perfectly to the sexual sea change Americans navigated from the 50's to the 70's, a passage during which libertinism seemed to crush propriety. But here is the joke: The 70's were just as morally prescriptive concerning sex as were the 50's. If Ike's America demanded chastity and fidelity as the passports to success, Jimmy "I've-lusted-in-my-heart" Carter presided over an ethos equally hortatory: Thou shall not stifle impulse, however stray or fleeting.

Fashionable critics have gone gaga over *Far From Heaven*, a highly polished, thoroughly knowing soap opera about WASP mores in 1957 America. They have hailed it as an updated version of director Douglas Sirk's 50's sudsers, complete with what film exegetes claim was the German emigré's taste for subversive subtexts. As the line goes: Sirk carefully designed his "women's pictures" such as *All That Heaven Allows* to satisfy both America's naive masses and her discriminating intellectuals. The former could have a good cry; the latter could enjoy how he warped melodramatic conventions to satirize America's sterile, inane culture. Haynes does the same thing in *Far From Heaven*. In some ways, he succeeds. There are moments that remind you of John Cheever's better satires on the hypocrisy that once underwrote WASP complacency.

Far From Heaven revolves around Cathy (Julianne Moore), wife of Frank Whitaker (Dennis Quaid), a successful executive in Hartford, Connecticut. In an early scene, we find her being interviewed by the local newspaperwoman, who plans to feature Cathy as an example of the successful American housewife. Cathy is too naive to see through the smarmy journalist, who would gladly tear her apart should she ever step out of line. And step out of line she does, propelled into another, unimaginable world by the discovery of her husband's homosexuality. Contrite, Frank tries to explain himself by referring to "problems in the past" that have come back. In the next scene, they visit a psychiatrist who tells Frank that there's "a scant five- to thirty-percent chance" of his ever achieving "full conversion to heterosexuality." Frank manfully responds, "I'm going to beat this thing." It's just another executive decision.

This would seem plot issue enough to carry the film; Haynes, however, has another round in his chamber: racism, 50's-style. When Raymond, the Whitakers' African-American gardener, finds Cathy crying among the shrubs, he offers her consolation. To her surprise, she finds she can talk to him easily. By chance, they meet again at a gallery showing of modern art. As they stand before a Miro canvas, she admits she does not know much about art, yet she feels a strong emotional response to the painting. Raymond gently corrects her mispronunciation by repeating Miro's name and says that her response confirms his opinion that "modern art has taken up where religious art left off," discarding all but the spiritual essentials. While it is perfectly plausible that a black in 1957 would have an interest in art and even have picked up such a canned appreciation of Miro, it hardly seems credible that he would be a gardener living in Hartford. Raymond's character reveals the film's fatal condescension. He is the noble Negro so dear to mid-20th-century white sentimentality. Even when the disconsolate Cathy goes with him to a black bar, he never once makes a pass at her. When she asks him to dance, he holds her at a chaste distance. More jarring still is Raymond's lack of circumspection. Would a black laborer, especially one as bright as Raymond, believe that he could publicly escort a WASP matron about 1950's Hartford with impunity? As one of the black patrons in the bar cries out, "What you think you doing, boy?"

Haynes' determination to satirize America is laughably contrived. Of course, some would say he is paying homage to Sirk, going over the top to underscore his criticism. At least he does not settle for sniggering caricatures. Despite the script's missteps, Cathy's awakening is credible. Moore makes you understand how a woman of her position could be so derailed from her certain certainties that she might well look for solace wherever she could find it, however socially unapproved.

As the miserable closet case, Dennis

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Quaid gives a strong—if one-note—performance. He plays Frank with an unrelievedly clenched face, its every muscle dedicated to holding back his self-loathing. But when he goes on to say that homosexuality "must be a sickness because I feel so despicable afterward," many in the Manhattan theater in which I saw the film snickered. Haynes does not mock Frank's sentiment in any obvious way, but given the current wisdom concerning homosexuality, the knowing could hardly be expected to restrain themselves. After all, didn't the American Psychiatric Association declare that homosexuality ceased to be abnormal in 1973? I make no claim to understand homosexuality, but wouldn't it be better for a man in Frank's position—a husband and father of two children—to outgrow his homoerotic obsession? Homosexuality has always been a small part of the human condition. Other societies, however, have managed to contrive matters so that it is possible to pass through a homosexual phase and graduate, so to speak, to an interest in the opposite sex. But this requires a frank acknowledgment that sex can easily make fools of us all, especially when we lose sight of its procreative purpose. The humorless puritanical strain in America freezes individuals into one sexual category, instead of allowing for growth. Homosexuals used to be perverts; today, they are saints and martyrs. Either dispensation stifles true self-recognition and, with it, the possibility of change.

The Whitakers' problem is certainly a fit subject for dramatization, but it is too complex to be dealt with so single-mindedly. Even D.H. Lawrence faltered when he gave Lady Chatterly a manly gardner to compensate for her impotent husband. Like Lawrence, Haynes wants to engineer our emotions with clichés. It didn't work then, and it doesn't work now.

Auto Focus shows us what happened when Cole Porter's rock smashed our inhibitions. By 1970, it was cool to be openly promiscuous. Recreational sex was the order of the day among would-be sophisticates. Those unwilling to sacrifice their dignity and responsibilities to the new hedonism were openly mocked for being uptight, the hip term for "repressed." The focus was auto, indeed.

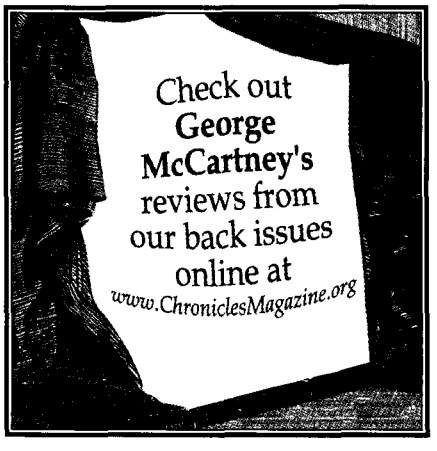
Schrader uses the story of Bob Crane, the third-rate actor who starred in TV's *Hogan's Heroes*, to render the 70's moment. Crane, played by Greg Kinnear, had the misfortune of achieving his modicum of celebrity just as the Playboy philosophy reached its apogee. He turned his shabby glamour to account by following Hugh Hefner's advice: *There is an endless supply of stupid women out there, and there's no reason you shouldn't have your share.* Crane's share was inordinate even by Hollywood standards, and he was dumb enough to videotape his encounters. (They could hardly be called "amours"; his women were little more than sexual props.) As Schrader has it, Crane was more interested in his homemade videos than in the encounters themselves. His compulsion lost him two wives and left his children thoroughly unmoored. Yet he rarely looked back. When he did, he spent less time on remorse than on self-justification. In one scene, he surprises his teenage son by picking him up after school. As the boy takes leave of his girlfriend to join his long-absent father, Crane embarrasses him by remarking on how "well built" she is. He then waxes Socratic, asking the boy what *orange* is. Perplexed, the boy says he doesn't know. The ever-chipper Crane replies, "That's it. You just take it for granted."

Crane certainly took his proclivities for granted. When warned that he has developed an image problem, he is nonplussed. Even the Hollywood industry that has tirelessly promoted sexual abandon as the *summum bonum* came to view Crane as unemployable. He had been photographed playing drums in a strip club, and he hadn't kept his library of homemade porn a secret. Were this to be publicly exposed, there would be no telling what it would do to box-office receipts. Confronted by this issue, Crane looks puzzled. "I'm normal," he declares. "Sex is healthy."

If we can believe Schrader's account, Crane was a moral imbecile wholly incapable of self-reflection. As such, he was easy prey for a variety of schemers, especially his supposed friend John Carpenter (Willem Dafoe), who played Svengali to Crane's boy-in-babeland naiveté. Carpenter was a video technician whose expertise, in the days before VHS cameras and VCRs, was indispensable to fulfilling Crane's need to see himself perform. The two men developed a symbiotic relationship. Crane was the bimbo bait; Carpenter, the visual diarist of their joint escapades. But there was more to it than that. Schrader's Carpenter is as attracted to Crane as he is to their shared bimbos. Schrader plausibly interprets their mutual womanizing as covert homosexuality. Unlike Carpenter, however, Crane was too self-obsessed to recognize their relationship for what it was.

Some have faulted *Auto Focus* for telling the story of a profoundly uninteresting person. This criticism misses the point. For Schrader, Crane is representative, not anomalous. There were legions of others as indiscriminately priapic—and not only in his industry, although Hollywood was and still is a powerful enabler of his kind of heedlessness. Of greater interest is how, since the 60's, our popular culture has transformed what used to be called illicit sex into a nearly moral imperative. This has been the American way ever since the Puritans landed at Plymouth Rock: If we're doing it, it must be right, or we wouldn't be doing it. That is the tautology of the self-righteous who cannot bear to think of themselves as the poor, besotted sinners they are—that we all are.

Schrader himself does not escape this charge, and that is why I cannot recommend his film. As in so many of his projects, he is once again fascinated by the ravages that sexual license can inflict on people. But his fascination leads him to become what he beholds—a prurient purveyor of sexual misconduct. So he makes us witness an endless stream of naked bodies simulating the permutations of sexual activity. Of course, Schrader self-righteously stages these sequences to make them seem as ungainly and joyless as possible; nevertheless, they are a species of the pornography he claims to be condemning. He has the equation wrong. A few suggestions would be enough to dramatize the sexual compulsion; it's the psychological question underlying it that needs to be raised: Why have so many so easily surrendered to our commercial culture's amoral and tawdry commodification of sex?



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by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

Elk Hunting in High Heels

"Whenever you feel like criticizing anyone, just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had." Having slept on the hard ground in single-digit Fahrenheit temperatures, tramped all day through a snowstorm at 11,000 feet of elevation against a 40-mile-an-hour wind with a 20-pound survival pack and a seven-pound rifle on your back, and ridden horseback by night out of the mountains, saddle-stiff and numb with cold, behind a dying flashlight, it's easy to forget an underprivileged soul whose experience in life has been restricted to directing the publicity department of her father's New York publishing house and helping manage the Conservative Book Club for years.

Not that I'm ever tempted to criticize Maureen, who's been a brick all summer: allowing herself to be dragged—twice—to the bottom of Nine Mile Canyon over in Utah, up the slopes of Sheep Mountain west of Laramie, and boosted onto the back of the green-broke stallion I was nervous about mounting myself. Even so, I was astonished, as well as pleased, when Maureen announced that she wished to go along to elk camp in October.

"You really want to go hunting with me? You're *sure*?"

"I'm sure."

"It's going to be cold at night."

"I know it. My nephew Danny offered to let me borrow his sleeping bag. He said the last time he went camping everyone was cold, except for him."

"We can only use the one horse this year, so you'll have to ride her. I'll be on foot, carrying my big pack."

"I don't mind, so long as you're also leading her."

"It's snowed hard in the mountains already. We're likely to get stuck pulling the trailer back in there."

"I can handle it. I've been fourwheeling before."

"*You've* been *fourwheeling*?"

"With some of the guys from the office. We went up in the hills behind Ft. Collins. They call it 'Fourwheeling in high heels.'"

"All right," I agreed, "you can come, if you really want to. I just have no idea why you want to."

"Because," Maureen said, "I want to learn why it is you enjoy it so much."

I spent three evenings lining out gear and supplies in the reloading room down cellar before Maureen arrived on the last night with her own equipment.

"There, that's all I'm taking," she said proudly, dropping everything on the concrete floor. "I can bring my pillow with me, can't I?"

"No. You can't take your pillow."

"But I can't *sleep* without a pillow!" Maureen cried.

"The sleeping bag has its own pillow. That frilly thing of yours would take up half the horse pack. What's in the glass jar? It must weigh two-and-a-half pounds if it weighs an ounce."

"It's strawberry jam, for our tea time," she explained.

"Well, put a few spoonsful into a ziplock bag. I'll carry it in the top of my pack along with the crackers. And decant the wine from that magnum into those two Nalgene bottles, please."

"At least I get to take my makeup kit," Maureen sighed, tucking what looked like a small vanity case in among her clothes and the stowed tent.

The jeep trail wound through streaks and patches of windswept snow across Libby Flats, among stands of pine and rocky torrs breaking from the tawny meadow. Plunging and bucking in the ruts and flooded potholes, the horse trailer fishtailed behind the truck as it plowed forward slowly in four-wheel drive through mud and rotting ice. Maureen, bracing herself against the door, looked serene. Instead of high heels, she had on the hiking shoes we'd bought her at the REI store in Ft. Collins the previous spring. Beyond the mud lay exposed rock, dragon teeth of quartzite tearing at the rig's eight tires. Beside an evaporated alpine pond, I turned the truck from the stony track and parked on an expanse of pale soft grass.

"Better safe than sorry, with just the two spares along," I suggested. "It's only a mile on to camp, anyhow."

I pulled the mare from the trailer by her tail and snubbed her tight to saddle and load her. Maureen, looking less serene, helped.

"You can always walk, if you like," I told her. "But we do need someone up there to keep the saddle and pack from slipping."

"I'll ride," she said bravely, turning the stirrup as I'd showed her and taking hold of the horn and cantle to pull herself up. Astride the horse, looking out from under the brim of her leopard-skin cowboy hat, Maureen was unrecognizable by anyone from the *National Review* 40th Anniversary or New York Conservative Party dinners.

I strapped on my own pack and took hold of the lead rope, and we started down the rocky trail as it dropped off the flats into the South Fork of French Creek, the mare sliding a little in the mud between the stones and bobbing her head slightly, as if to say that this was none of her idea. Maureen, if she agreed, didn't show it.

We reached camp half an hour later, tied the horse to a young fir tree, and drew the saddle and pack off.

"That wasn't so bad, was it?" I asked.

"Of everything we've done together this year," Maureen said, "riding a horse is the only one I don't think I'll ever get used to."

There was snow under the trees where I'd wanted to put the tent, out of sight of the high elk pasture across the drainage. Using the edge of my boot sole, I cleared away the stale droppings from the grass behind the trees, and we spread the ground cloth and raised the tent on it. (A woman needs to feel she has a home she can call her own.) When the tent was up, we looked round for a suitable spot to build a campfire and discovered a deep hole, surrounded by a low bank of earth, in the bottom of a small gulley: a natural kitchen and dining area Martha Stewart would have died for.

"And now it's time for the evening hunt," I said. "Do you want to stay here in camp

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all alone by yourself—except for the horse, of course—or would you rather come hunting with me?"

"I'm coming with you," Maureen said. "Just let me fix my nail, first."

The habitat was so perfect for elk that what wasn't there in fact, the mind saw anyway: a large herd grazing across the sidehill parks with the setting sun reddening their flanks and pale rump patches. Stepping carefully on the loud patches of rotten snow, we moved downstream, using the strip of woods between the twin channels of the creek for cover and scanning the hillside on either side of the valley for shape, pattern, movement; a gleam of light on shiny coat or polished horn. But there was no fresh sign underfoot, no clean, sharp tracks piercing the forest duff.

"With elk," I told Maureen in a stage whisper, "you usually see them suddenly, there in front of you all at once—or not at all."

The blue shadow lifting from the valley floor reached the Plimsoll line on the flank of the ridge and passed it, rising higher and higher like a still water until the hill foundered in the cold dusk beneath the light-stain on the deepening sky. In camp, we gathered kindling from the litter beneath the fir trees, and I built a fire at the bottom of the wash. The climbing flames, flapping redly against the deepening twilight, seemed to draw the towering spires of the black fir trees nearer. Maureen sat as far from the fire as she could, wearing her new polypro cap pulled over her ears.

"I'm scared of fires," she explained.

"This one's perfectly contained," I promised her. "That's why we built it where we did. Are you ready for some firewater now, for courage? We established it as fact, a long time ago, neither one of us is scared of *that*."

I brought out the Nalgene bottles, and the moon rose almost at once, a bloated platinum sphere squeezing above the flat, black mass of the mountains. Sparks like red fireflies darted upward on the thermal column, and the air within the lighted circle of the fire warmed. Maureen drew closer by inches until we were seated side by side at last on the bank with the bottles and an open can between us, eating smoked oysters with our fingers and drinking red wine.

"Now you *really* are inside *The Hundredth Meridian*," I told her.

She looked surprised.

"I thought I'd *been* living in it, all last summer," Maureen said.

"Elk hunting is on a different level from anything we've done before together: vintage *Hundredth Meridian*, the quintessence of the Rocky Mountain West. Like compressing and distilling an entire vineyard into one single bottle of wine."

"It is beautiful here," she agreed. "I really don't feel the least bit uncomfortable."

"Anything can happen on an elk hunt," I said. "And usually does. The horse is awfully quiet tonight, by the way."

We ate supper under the climbing moon that paled the long valley and whitened the dead trees around until they achieved a dim glow. The mare stayed quiet, seeming more attentive than nervous, keeping her muzzle pointed across the creek, uphill toward the dark line of the woods. Once, seated by the fire, I started at what I took for a flashlight being shined on us through the tall firs. It wavered, vanished, and appeared again, when I recognized it as moonlight reflecting from the shifting white rump beyond the trees.

I slept soundly in my 20-below-zero comfort-rated bag, undisturbed by the usual hoof-stamps from the young fir tree 20 paces off; Maureen, in Danny's 20-above-rated one, not so well. When the alarm clock sounded at six in the morning, she emerged from the bag wearing all the clothes she had got up to put on during the night.

"I told you to wake me if you got cold, and we'd spread the bags out together for warmth."

"I know what you told me," she said. "And I very deliberately didn't do it."

I unzipped the tent door, thrust my feet through it to lace my boots up, and looked over to the fir tree.

"Oh," I mentioned. "The horse is gone."

Maureen joined me in the door to make certain my eyes were working all right.

"She wouldn't have gone far, would she?"

"I'm surprised she went anywhere at all."

We hunted horse as well as elk until the sun was well up and returned to camp to pump water from the ice-bound creek, build a fire, eat breakfast, and consider the situation over hot coffee.

"How are we going to get the camp out of here?" Maureen wanted to know.

"It could be she was headed for the rig. I'll hike back up to the flats and see. If she's not there, I'll drop the trailer and bring the truck down as far as I can get it."

"I'll have the camp packed in when you get back," she promised.

The mare was not around the outfit when I reached it 45 minutes later. I hiked farther on foot, glassing the windswept saddle above the Little Laramie drainage for a lone, white horse traversing a background of white snow, and gave up the search after an hour and a half. Freed of the trailer, the pickup had no trouble making its way cross-country, down the long tongue of meadow to the point of the woods where the camp, neatly raised and stowed, rested on the grass, with Maureen beside it under the trees.

"You know," she said, "I think I could have made a pioneer woman after all. I wouldn't have *liked* pioneering, but I'd have *managed* it, anyhow."

A runaway horse will likely move either up a drainage or down it. We'd hunted downstream at daybreak, I'd explored uphill after breakfast, and the alpine meadow held no track or sign to give us a clue. If the mare had gone over the top into the headwaters of the middle fork of the Little Laramie River, she might come out in Centennial in a couple of days. If she'd continued down the south fork of French Creek, she ought to emerge, sooner or later, from the mountains in the vicinity of French Creek Ranch—assuming she didn't catch the trailing lead rope on a stob or rock and die of thirst and hunger.

"Nothing left to do but head back to town and notify the Forest Service we have a horse lost up here," I said. "Aren't you happy you don't have to carry that saddle out on your back, Maureen?"

In Centennial, we stopped at the convenience store. While I pumped gas at $1.89 per gallon, Maureen was looking curiously about herself.

"Is the Trading Post a restaurant," she asked, "or just a bar?"

"It's a restaurant. A pretty good one, too."

"I'm hungry for dinner," Maureen suggested.

"But we're not dressed to go into a nice restaurant."

Maureen had her hiking boots off already and was feeling around on the floorboard for something.

"I brought *these*!" she exclaimed triumphantly, holding up a pair of heeled black dress slippers. ◁

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by Humpty Dumpty

(*Sic*)

Too many members of my generation (postwar birth, 1960's student) have a nasty way of ridiculing their juniors for their ignorance of history and their native tongue. Outrage at the students' ignorance of U.S. history was expressed recently in the newspapers, but most of the test questions published were requests for an ideological opinion on the causes of World War I or the Civil War, not questions of fact. To most of them, my answer would have been "none of the above." *Quis examinatores examinabit?* (dog-Latin for the obvious).

Middle-aged professors are fond of drawing up lists of student howlers—as if it is entirely the students' fault if no one our age has chosen to teach them anything. A Professor Anders Erikkson has even pulled together snippets he had published in the *Wilson Quarterly* into a book that includes such gems as: "The Reformnation happened when German nobles resented the idea that tithes were going to Papal France or the Pope thus enriching Catholic coiffures." Sure, the student cannot spell *Reformation* and confuses *coffer* with *coiffure*, but the professor probably has no problem with his own purely ideological (Swedish, perhaps?) take on the Reformation, which the student was imperfectly regurgitating.

Hendrikkson explains his title *Non Campus Mentis* as "a typical student mishearing of *non compis mentis*." That's right. The professor is ignorant of one of the most common Latin phrases in English, right up there with "*habeas corpsuckle*" and Bill O'Reilly's recent call for Congress to try Osama bin Laden "*in abstentia*," adding that most congressmen will not know what that means. In addition to his superciliousness and ignorance of Latin, Professor Hendrikkson is a master of the cliché-ridden, simplified prose we have come to expect from *USA Today* editorials:

> History is a work in progress. Every generation has to make sense of the past for itself. The facts may stay the same, but the work of interpretation goes on and on. This brief text glimpses at the cutting edge of this process.

The last sentence is particularly instructive. *Process* is rather too passive a word to be endowed with a "cutting edge," and no text, even metaphorically, is likely to "glimpse," much less "glimpse at." (In standard English, *glimpse* is a transitive verb, and, as a noun, it is usually followed by *of*.)

Although the professor does use a few dependent clauses, he seems more at home in the simple and compound sentences that make human experience seem so, well, simple. The "dumbing down" of English was one of those cutting-edge historical processes that the last century glimpsed. Kipling and Hemingway were masterful in setting vivid words into rather basic sentence structures, but their imitators, generation after generation, only took from them the lesson that stupid people will not tolerate any prose more complex than a soundbite. It's the economy, stupid. Read my lips. Axis of evil.

The problem is not restricted to learning-disabled politicians. Most writers can only write in simple sentences or short phrases. Even good writers. Like P.J. O'Rourke.

> *The Education of Henry Adams* is not so much a criticism of politics as a catalogue of political feelings. Adams had a lot of them. Adams shared his feelings. He honored his feelings. He cared. Pertinent today, indeed, Adams's politics were as deeply felt as those of the deepest and most feeling of contemporary persons who feel things deeply. (Phil Donahue comes to mind.)

If you know what this means, apart from Mr. O'Rourke's dislike of liberals and resentment of reactionary patricians, then you are one up on me. The self-consciously arch style reminds me of a speech I once heard the humorist give, laughing in advance to let you know the punchline was coming. "Ain't I cute?" he seemed to be saying to the audience. "Isn't it fun to be me?" And, in case you do not get the point, he will repeat it (like Conan O'Brien when one of his monologue jokes inevitably misfires), and not only in his platform routines but in his essays.

I did not mean to pick on P.J. O'Rourke. I used to enjoy his writings in the *American Spectator*, and I share his contempt for collectivist economics. However, his piece, picked almost at random from the December issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, illustrates the deeper problem. Superficial prose is a symptom of superficial thinking. O'Rourke seems to know nothing of Henry Adams that could not be picked up from a desk encyclopedia; he has read little more than the *Education*; he does not appreciate Adams' importance as a political journalist or an historian (he calls him "the Andrew Cuomo of his clan"); and he cannot get Adams' joke at the expense of Ulysses S. Grant's vulgarity, because he knows nothing about Grant and does not know what vulgarity is, except as a stick with which to beat Bill Clinton.

Being a bright man, O'Rourke cannot fail to sense something great in Henry Adams, but the compliments are encapsulated in separate sentences. Since, like most of us today, he is incapable of writing a balanced complex sentence, he cannot think a balanced complex thought and has to offer his opinions as so many different-colored blocks scattered across the playroom floor. To assemble them into a house would require the sort of civilized mind that Henry Adams possessed, but most moderns do not.

When our contemporary (typically academic) writers do attempt a more complicated syntax, the result is a hodgepodge of mixed metaphors, dangling modifiers, and technical jargon. Worst of all, the structure itself is not the balanced periodic style of Dryden and Johnson but resembles a Rube Goldberg construction of disjointed parts, flying off at odd angles and connected only by a warped imagination.

Balance, order, and restraint are the hallmarks of the classical style and the classical mind. If teachers and writers would give up ridiculing their victims in the next generation, they might learn how to adopt a stylistic pose of maturity. Who knows if, as time goes by, the style might not become the man. ©

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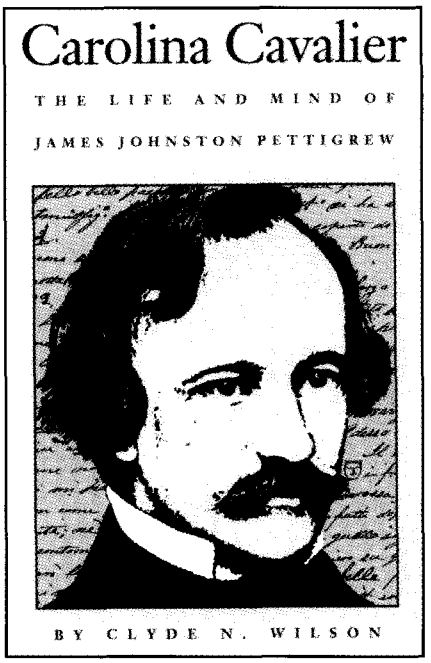

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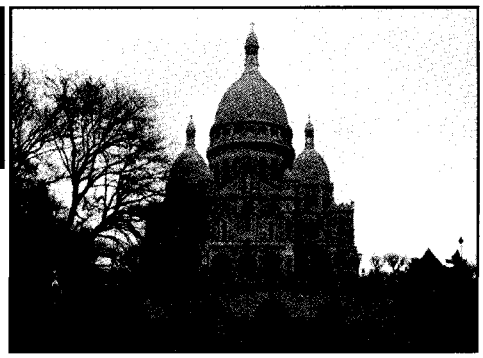

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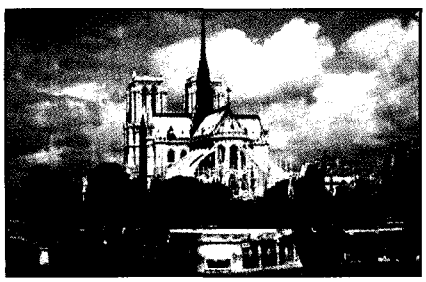

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